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LUXEMBURG AND THE CONFERENCE.

ALTHOUGH the Conference will meet next week in London without any formal basis of discussion, there is reason to hope that the accession of Prussia implies an intention of submitting to a compromise. If there is any foundation for the rumour of a recent difference of opinion between the King of Prussia and his Minister, Count Bismark's return to Berlin must indicate the final prevalence of a peaceable policy. The strong bias of some English newspaper Correspondents in favour of France has perhaps coloured the report of the unpublished diplomatic communications between the neutral Powers and the principals in the Luxemburg controversy. Whatever may have been the tone of impulsive and private communications, Lord Stanley might have been trusted to abstain from any expression of partiality, even if Lord Derby had not formally assured the House of Lords that the English Government had expressed no opinion on the points in dispute. The maintenance of peace, which was the sole object of English interference, is best promoted by a careful regard for the honour and feelings of the disputants. It would have been equally imprudent and unjust to designate the Prussian occupation of Luxemburg as a trespass or a usurpation; for, until some new arrangement was made, the Prussians could not have evacuated the fortress without betraying the trust which had been confided to them by Germany on behalf of Europe. At the close of the war in 1866, Count Bismark might have insisted, without fear of opposition, on transferring the German rights over the province to the new Northern Confederation. The Grand Duke had, by his vote in the Diet, incurred the penalties which were enforced against Hanover and Hesse Cassel; but, as he had not supported his political action by military operations, it was thought expedient to connive at his former opposition, and even to relieve him from the burden of Federal relations. Count Bismark probably foresaw that the Confederacy might, after no long interval, merge in a single State, and he may have hesitated to create another Holstein question in the immediate neighbourhood of France. A foreign Sovereign would have been a troublesome intruder in the councils of the King of Prussia and of his dependent allies. The occupation of the fortress rested on entirely distinct grounds, nor could any other Government be affected by the continuance of a system which had lasted for fifty years.

It is not positively known whether the gratuitous and dangerous negotiation for the sale of Luxemburg originated with the Emperor of the French, or with the Grand Duke, who may have doubted the security of his possession. The only excuse for the discreditable offer to sell a sovereignty is to be found in the warning which Holland may have deduced from the fate of Denmark. It was natural to suspect that Germany might hereafter claim the province, and conquerors are sometimes careless of boundaries. The King of the Netherlands ought, however, to have considered that the transfer of his rights to France was likely to accelerate the catastrophe which he feared. He had no power to deliver possession of the Duchy as long as the capital was occupied by the Prussians. If he contented himself with the reflection that it was the business of France to settle the question with Germany, he was culpably blind to the danger of petty States in a war between mighty antagonists. The Emperor Napoleon, when he agreed to buy the Luxemburg estate, was fully aware of the incumbrance with which it was saddled; and it is surprising that he should have incurred the risk of a collision with Prussia, if he really desired the continuance of peace. The exchange of the Prussian flag for the French tricolour could not fail to arouse the patriotic feelings of Germany, nor could it have been supposed that the King of the Netherlands had any power to unsettle the

European arrangement of 1815. The Treaty of 1839 has little bearing on the question, as it made no alteration in the provision for the security of the fortress. The King of Holland has apparently been induced to propose the Conference, because he may, by a legal fiction, be supposed to object to the presence of Prussian troops in his dominions. It is only by a subtle and technical process of reasoning that the French Government could establish a *locus standi* to object to the presence of German troops in a fortress which has almost accidentally ceased to be German. The substitution of a French garrison would, as far as the military importance of the fortress extends, directly reverse the relative position of the two rival Powers. The demolition of the works would partially produce the same effect, so that even the modified demand of France includes a concession which will have been purchased without any consideration. Statesmen can propose to themselves no more laudable object than the peaceable extrication of a great and warlike Power from a false position. France had, in the first instance, no rights to assert; but it is not easy to recede in deference to opposition, and it is the part of prudent friends to facilitate the correction of a mistake.

The Treaty of 1839 has not been useless, as it has furnished an excuse for the arbitration or good offices of the neutral Powers. According to the French interpretation, the treaty affects the fortress as well as the province, although it left the occupation as it had existed for nearly a quarter of a century. The Prussian Government has hitherto declined to discuss the question of the fortress, although it professes to regard the sovereignty of the province as a proper subject for investigation by a Conference. As the French claim to acquire the territory seems to have been abandoned, the Plenipotentiaries will practically be employed, not in determining vested rights, but in contriving some compromise which may save the honour of both parties. Among the many wise and foolish suggestions of which Lord Stanley lately acknowledged the receipt, one consists in the annexation of Luxemburg to Belgium, and a still more plausible scheme includes the substitution of a European guarantee for the Prussian occupation of the fortress. The Belgians would probably object to the possession of a territory which has been simultaneously claimed as an indispensable addition to France and as an inalienable portion of Germany. It would sometimes not be prudent to accept as a gift an estate which had formed the subject-matter of cross-suits in Chancery. Diplomacy will therefore probably have to adopt the alternative of dealing separately with the province of Luxemburg. The Government and Legislature of Holland have lately renounced all pretension to interfere with the Grand Duchy; but a territory must have a nominal sovereign, and the King of Holland, like a reluctant shareholder in a joint-stock Company, must retain his property in default of a transferee. Luxemburg will be neutralized, though the effect of neutralization is not easily understood; and the parties to the Conference will be asked to become responsible for the permanence of the proposed arrangement. The English nation has of late entertained a reasonable dislike to engagements which could in certain contingencies only be redeemed at the cost of war; but as Belgium is already protected by a guarantee, the additional risk of extending the security to Luxemburg would perhaps not be excessive. The danger of being drawn into the hostilities which, in default of a compromise, will arise between France and Germany, is in itself not inconsiderable. If the neutral Powers agree to the arrangement, Germany may perhaps think it prudent to accept a piece of parchment in the place of a border fortress. The guarantee will not be absolutely worthless, although the readiness of the different Governments to fulfil their obligations would be largely dependent on considerations of general policy. When Luxemburg was in danger, some or

all of the Powers which are at present neutral might be allies of the supposed aggressor. Casemates, batteries, and mines are more certain instruments of protection than treaties; and yet Prussia may be prudent in surrendering, for a doubtful equivalent, advantages which can only be retained at the cost of a war. Enough has been done to satisfy France and the Emperor NAPOLEON that it will on a future occasion be unsafe to trifle with Germany. There can be no dishonour to Prussia in a concession to the unanimous wish of Europe.

If means can be devised for tiding over the present crisis, the risk of war may perhaps be indefinitely adjourned. Late experience has shown that the French nation, while it has lost none of its warlike qualities, has gradually learnt to appreciate both the advantages of peace and the inutility of territorial aggrandizement. M. DE GIRARDIN repeats to an inattentive audience the cant phrases of a former age. The acquisition of the left bank of the Rhine is felt to be utterly unnecessary as well as impracticable, and the success of the mediating Powers in the Conference would be universally welcomed when it was understood that the French nation had not submitted to an affront. By any compromise which can be proposed Germany must lose something, but recent gains may reconcile even the most zealous patriots to a sacrifice which will not be repeated. The controversy with the French Government has accelerated and confirmed the union of the German States; but a contest commenced while the new Constitution is still untried would involve obvious disadvantage. A few years hence the power of Germany will be universally recognised, and in the meantime neighbouring Governments will abstain from imprudent experiments such as the proposed purchase of Luxemburg. The Conference meets under more favourable auspices than the last assemblage of the kind which was held in London.

THE RESIDENCE CLAUSE.

ALTHOUGH Mr. DISRAELI affected to consider the defeat of the Government on Mr. AYRTON's Amendment a matter of great importance, yet he was evidently quite prepared for it. Lord DERBY had taken all the sting out of this defeat beforehand, by stating that it was entirely for the House to decide whether the term of residence required in boroughs should be a year, or a year and a half, or two years. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON had stated at the outset of the debate that the question of the term of necessary residence was not a question of principle, which gave rise to the happy remark from Sir ROUNDELL PALMER that by a question not being a matter of principle was meant, apparently, that it was a question on which men might safely adhere to the principle they believed in. The Government made no attempt to argue against the Amendment. In fact they had nothing to say. If two years' residence is merely suggested as a restriction which may possibly be good, and if those who propose it acknowledge that they only wish to know what the vote on this suggested restriction will be, there is nothing to say for or against it. The only thing to do is to vote, and the House did vote in such a manner as to leave no possible doubt of its opinion. The two years' restriction is gone where the dual vote restriction went long ago, and where most of the restrictions still remaining will have to go too. If the Government had not been able to dig up a sort of *tu quoque* argument out of the miserable history of old forgotten Reform Bills, and to say that the Liberals proposed an equal restriction thirteen years ago, they would not have had enough to say to fill up the time necessary to make the debate a decently long and satisfactory one. Fortunately for them, the debate was eked out by a kind of wail from Mr. BASS, who said that no one ever had been so badly treated as he had been, for he had been called horribly bad names for merely voting once in a way against his party, as Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GLADSTONE had themselves often done in old days. There were cries of "Question," but they were very properly suppressed, as the House felt that the real question was how to get something of some sort said, in order to fill up the void created by the Government having nothing to say in its defence. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER paid the Government the compliment of effectively and lucidly disposing of all the possible arguments on which its proposal could be defended, and then the Liberals had nothing more to say. But the Government very properly would not give way. It desired to be guided by the sense of the House, and it would not take any other indication of the sense of the House than an actual division. It had a duty to perform to the ghost of Conservatism, and that duty was to seem to fight and be beaten, and then accept defeat, courageously and cheer-

fully of course, but still as a serious and solemn thing. The leaders of a party must often go through performances of this sort, which are not very pleasant to the performers, but which keep the party together. The Conservatives, now that they are beaten, do not mind discovering that they never cared about the duration of residence, but they could not endure to confess beforehand that they were indifferent to any of the restrictions they had invented.

The debate, however, if otherwise of little value, had in one respect some importance. It united the Liberal party, for the first time this Session, in defence of one of the great doctrines of the party. The speakers against the Government, and especially the most eminent of them, Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, rested their case mainly on the necessity of not treating the poor voter in a different way from that in which the rich voter is treated. To a certain extent the question of the term of residence was a question of principle, for it was a question as to the equality of persons within the political pale. The speakers on the side of the Government, and especially the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, advocated a totally opposite view. They maintained that all below the present 10*l.* householders are, as it were, outsiders, and that it is a gain for them to be admitted on any terms. The present possessors of political power have got hold of a good thing, and, if they choose to let others share it, it is not for the newcomers to quarrel with the conditions on which they are admitted. The constituency is to be increased, but the new voters are not to suppose they are on a level with the old. The Liberal view is totally different. If once a man is allowed to vote at all on one set of conditions, his neighbour who fulfils those conditions ought to be allowed to vote without having other conditions added. The poor man may be too poor, too degraded, too thoughtless, to vote at all; but, if he votes, he must vote on exactly the same conditions as the son of a duke. That the poor, if they ever are allowed to run in the political race, shall not be weighted so as to keep them always back, is one of the political truths which to a Liberal seem as clear as day. The difference between the views of the two parties on this most important of all the questions raised by Reform may be illustrated by the corresponding difference which prevails in the arrangements of churches. There is what we may call the Conservative church, which invites every one to come to it, but, when they come, screens off the rich in high-backed, comfortable, well-cushioned pews, and puts the poor on rough benches, in drafts and out of hearing. And there is the Liberal church, which, when it once gets a congregation, treats them all alike so far as it can, has open seats for every class, and, in its ultra-Liberal form, allows a beggar to kneel by the side of a duchess. That the term of residence proposed by the Government was far too long in itself, and was not in harmony with the habits even of the most steady and industrious poor in days when the scene and sphere of employment are every day more variable, was a very good argument against the Government. But that the proposal of the Government drew an invidious distinction between the rich and the poor was a better argument, for it admits of no reply except that there is no harm in drawing such a distinction, and this reply immediately raises the question whether the House of Commons is in any sense liberal. This issue will be raised again, even more decisively, when Mr. HIBBERT's Amendment comes on, for the Government proposes to treat the compound householder who pays a 10*l.* rental in a different way from that in which the householder at a lower rental is to be treated. The poorer man is to pay a fine which the richer man is not to pay. Theoretically, whether the compound householder ought to pay the full rating or only the same amount as his landlord would pay is a very difficult and subtle question; but it is decided practically, for all persons who hold the Liberal view as to distinctions between rich and poor, by the mere fact that the burden of paying more than the composition rate is not cast on the 10*l.* householder under the present law, whence it follows that neither can it be cast on the householder at a less rental.

A majority of eighty-one against a Government is a striking fact, however it may be explained; and although on this occasion the Government did not perhaps much mind being beaten, yet it is a very large majority to have to contend with. The trials of the Government are now going to begin, and we hope their patience and patriotism and good sense will be equal to the task. Hitherto the Government has had all its own way. It made blunder after blunder at the beginning of the Session, but men only laughed, and patted it on the back and told it to try again. It tried Resolutions, and it tried a Bill which the Government itself thought very silly, and then it tried another

Bill, and this Bill was nursed like a sick baby by men of all parties. There was to be nothing said against it on the first reading or on the second, and it was taken into Committee, and a majority of twenty-one protected it from the chance of withering away before a rival scheme. But now the time is come to go into its provisions. This is what the Government has been praying and asking for, and it has prayed and asked for it knowing that on every question on which, in Committee, a real party issue could be raised it must be in a minority. It knows now about what sized majority it has to face, and if it was honest in its repeated assertions, at the beginning of the Session, that all it wished for was to be guided by the House, it ought to be very glad to be guided in such an unmistakeable way. It must not be concealed that for a Government to be in an indisputable minority is irritating and vexatious, and it will be highly to the credit of Ministers if they bear so awkward a position with serenity. Still it is clearly for them to show now that they were sincere, and that they did not bring in a Bill, and expect that it might be taken into Committee unopposed in the previous stages, merely to gain time and keep out their opponents. A Conservative Government bringing in a Reform Bill, and asking the Liberal majority to let its Bill rest till it can be quietly discussed clause by clause, is in a very anomalous position. But it is a position of its own creating, and it must abide by its acts. Perhaps those who secretly doubt whether the passing of the Government Bill this Session is quite certain are wise in their generation to shout out that there is no doubt about it, and to make it seem, if possible, a matter of course that the Bill is going to pass. The House and the Government may perhaps be overcome by finding themselves the victims of prophecy. But if the Bill does pass, its passing will evidently be due to the moderation and self-sacrifice of the Conservative party and its leaders. It is impossible that many issues adverse to the views of the Government should not be raised, and even if the issues are not all decided according to the wishes of the Liberal party, so very large a majority as eighty-one shows that, for the most part, their decision will not be one to the taste of the Government. If on Mr. HIBBERT'S amendment, on the introduction of a lodger franchise, and on the reduction of the county franchise, majorities equally or nearly as large pronounce against the Government, and yet the Government goes quietly on accepting the guidance given it, it will do nothing more than it professed itself at the beginning of the Session willing to do; but, nevertheless, it will have discharged a difficult and irksome duty in a very creditable way.

THE IRISH LAND BILLS.

THE confused discussion on Lord NAAS'S Irish Land Bills, and the narrow division on the amendment, point to a probable failure of legislation during the present Session. The objection that the Tenants' Improvement Bill affords no security of tenure scarcely affects the purpose of the measure. Until lately it was always said to be an intolerable grievance that tenants at will were deterred from making improvements by the absence of any security for compensation. Much of the clamour was probably insincere, yet it seems unreasonable to blame the Government for providing a remedy for real or supposed injustice. The encouragement of leases might perhaps be more beneficial, but it approaches closer to plans of tampering with proprietary rights, and, in default of exceptionally arbitrary legislation, the object would be more difficult to accomplish. Mr. GREGORY cannot be suspected of hostility to Irish landlords, but some of his supporters in Monday's debate would almost be inclined to transfer the property of the soil from owners to occupiers. On the other hand, a strong feeling prevails, among both English and Irish members, of the danger of allowing charges to be fixed on the land for objects not approved by the owner. Lord NAAS had on former occasions shared the same alarm, but in his present Bill he has taken sufficient precautions against abuse.

Lord NAAS and Lord DEEBY may be supposed to possess the confidence of the Irish landowners; and they may reasonably have thought that they would be allowed to pass measures which, if they had proceeded from a hostile quarter, would have excited natural jealousy. It is impossible to limit or to regulate the omnipotence of proprietors without some infringement of the rights of property; but experience has convinced all reasonable Irish landlords that they cannot safely insist on doing absolutely what they will with their own. Of Lord NAAS'S two measures it is difficult to say which involves the more important principle, although public attention will be almost exclusively fixed on the Bill for promoting the improve-

ment of land by occupying tenants. The Bill for enlarging the powers of limited owners only affects the mutual relations of members of the same class, and, in general, of the same family; yet it amounts to a partial repeal of all the laws of settlement and entail. Notwithstanding the indirect social or political benefits which may result from the peculiar tenure of landed estates in Great Britain and Ireland, every relaxation of existing restraints conduces to the public interest. The greater part of the land in the United Kingdom is held in a kind of mortmain by artificial corporations created under deeds and wills. The life-tenants or incumbents have almost always a personal interest which is not necessarily coincident with the fullest development of the resources of the land; and when the reversioner or remainder man is a distant relative or a stranger, the shepherd of the land may be considered as a hireling who cannot be expected to sacrifice himself for the safety or increase of the flock. A limited owner without impeachment of waste is likely to fell growing timber, and he will probably not supply the loss in the form of new plantations; nor can the testator or settlor guard against the risk, except by producing the opposite mischief of excluding the actual possessor from the enjoyment of the fruits of the estate. Modern legislation has made some fragmentary encroachments on the law of entail by allowing limited owners to charge the land with the cost of certain definite improvements. Lord NAAS proposes to carry the experiment further in Ireland, by enlarging the definition of landlords' improvements, and by increasing the facilities allowed to limited owners. The building of a mansion-house and offices is added to the list of improvements which may be made by a life-tenant; and where the successor is capable of assenting or dissenting, the previous sanction of the Judge of the Landed Estates Court will no longer be required. The dissenting successor must apply to the Court for an injunction within a month after notice, and the Judge will decide the question on its merits. The limited owner who lays out money on the estate in conformity with the provisions of the Bill will be entitled to an annuity, for twenty-five years, of 7l. 2s. per cent. on the amount expended. The rate of interest is so high that the temptation to take advantage of the Act will perhaps vary inversely with the probable duration of the limited estate. An elderly life-tenant may sometimes build a residence for his successor, for the express purpose of providing an income for his own wife and children. As the Bill only provides for the extended application of precedents already sanctioned by Parliament, Lord NAAS will probably not meet with any formidable opposition to his less alarming proposal.

The Tenants' Improvements Bill is, as might have been expected, denounced by agitators as a fraud, and by a section of the Irish landowners as a measure of confiscation. Experience alone can illustrate the practical operation of the scheme, but in theory it may be regarded as a not inequitable compromise between extreme doctrines. The occupying tenant, like the limited owner, is to be encouraged to invest money in improvements, and his enterprise is to be stimulated by advances of public money on the security of the land. A loan under the provisions of the Bill will be repaid by a charge of five per cent. on the amount for thirty-five years; and a tenant who effects the improvement, at his own cost or by his own labour, will be entitled to an equal charge for the same term of years. A Commissioner was, according to the terms of Lord NAAS'S proposal, to decide on disputed questions of the expediency of improvements consisting of drainage, of reclamation of waste or bog, and of removal of fences; but the landlord was allowed a veto on outlay for new fences, for roads, and for farm-buildings. As the jurisdiction of the Commissioner is confined to the probable advantage to the tenant's holding, it was necessary to allow the landlord a negative on improvements of a little plot of land which might seriously injure the rest of the estate. The multiplication of farm-buildings might almost destroy the value of the landlord's property, and yet in some cases new erections may be indispensable. It might perhaps be advisable to allow the Commissioner to take into consideration the effect of alleged improvements on the whole of the landlord's property; but the question has for the present become practically unimportant, as the House, by adopting Mr. SANDFORD'S amendment, has deprived the Bill of its compulsory character. There can be no doubt that the Bill, as it was drawn, was inconsistent with perfect freedom of contract based on unqualified ownership. The intervention of a judicial officer implies the recognition of a fractional or inchoate right in the occupier to something which was not included in his original bargain. Lord CLANRICARDE, agreeing probably with the majority

of Irish landlords and with many English economists, considers that legislation ought to coincide with the logical consequences of the legal maxim that an owner in fee simple is exempt from all limitation and control. Property in land, however, is the creature of positive law, and it has never been regarded as wholly unconditional. Complete free trade in a commodity which is necessarily held as a monopoly is impossible or anomalous; and English law, with all its leaning to landowners, places many restrictions on the arbitrary disposal of real property. The old restrictions on subinfeudation are represented by the actual impossibility of dividing the land by a partial alienation into estates or easements which are not recognised by law. The condition of Ireland justifies exceptional remedies, and Mr. READ, in his able defence of Lord NAAS's Bill, expressed an opinion that the measure would not be injurious if its provisions were extended to England. Against opposition from many quarters it would scarcely have been possible to pass the Bill, but it is a cause for regret that Parliament should refuse to try a modest and honest experiment. Lord NAAS professed to consider the adoption of Mr. SANDFORD's amendment unimportant, although it directly negatives the most characteristic provision of the Bill. In default of compulsion, few landlords will allow their tenants to mortgage the land for the cost of improvements; and they will be still less likely to allow the occupier to create for himself a charge on the land in consideration of his own extraordinary labour. Mr. GREGORY's amendment, though it related to a different subject, would have enlarged the purview of the Bill, and, if it could have been embodied in practical clauses, it might perhaps have been acceptable to the occupiers and their advocates. Mr. SANDFORD has reduced the Government measure to the dimensions of a Money Bill by which the Treasury will be authorized, in rare cases, to advance money for agricultural improvements.

PEACE AND GOODWILL TO SPAIN.

THE correspondence between the Governments of England and Spain with which the affair of the *Queen Victoria* was so happily concluded has now been published, and nothing could be more satisfactory. The sentiments of the Spanish Government towards us are really quite beautiful, and the two nations find perhaps that they love each other better than they did before they were on the eve of quarrelling. Nothing could exceed the politeness of Lord STANLEY to General CALONGE, except the politeness of General CALONGE to Lord STANLEY. And the Spanish Government, having made up its mind to do us justice, is going to do it handsomely. It will pay the cost of the ship, and damages for the subsequent loss sustained by the owners, and will punish all its own erring officials. All that it wishes us to remember is that it has done us justice in due course of law, and has behaved as a Government should do which rules over a nation where the judicial power is happily wholly independent of the Executive. We must own that all this sham judicial business is managed by General CALONGE in the highest style of art. We knew generally how the affair had been arranged before these last letters were published; but we did not know the finer touches of management, and the skilful devices of the Spanish Government. Two of these strokes of art seem especially deserving of notice. The first is the reference of General CALONGE to the history of the *Alabama*. He invites us to remember that there too we had suffered a thing to happen which we subsequently regretted, and in a manner apologized for, but as to which we nevertheless held that we were bound by the doctrines of our own law, and could only do what our law permitted us to do. We contended that the standard of the English law should be held to be the standard by which the sufficiency of the evidence against the vessel should be decided. We had been doing what might perhaps be internationally wrong, for we afterwards arrested the rams on no better evidence, but we protected ourselves by saying that we had to think of our own courts of justice. The parallel is a most happy one. It looks as if it were exactly applicable, and as if the Spaniards could justify themselves by our example. As we read the well-composed sentences of General CALONGE we are tempted to forget that, in the case of the *Queen Victoria*, there never was any reference to the municipal tribunals. A Government official at Cadiz seized an English ship and sold it, and then said he did not wish to discuss the matter further. When, a year afterwards, General CALONGE offered that a tribunal should inquire into the facts, we replied that we had no confidence whatever in Spanish Prize Courts, and could have none after the way in which we had been treated. Whereupon General CALONGE, ignoring the fact that what we objected to was not the reference of the seizure of an

English ship to a Spanish tribunal, but the utter lawlessness of the Spanish authorities who acted in place of a Prize Court or other competent and regular tribunal, quietly and adroitly asks us if we too have not had, in very recent times, to parry a demand for compensation by saying that we must be guided by the decision of our own tribunals.

The other noticeable stroke of art in the arrangements of the Spanish Government was the mode in which they overcame the difficulty that the new trial which was to make every one happy was transparently a sham one. The Court was to decide in favour of owners who declined to appear, who would not prove the facts, who would offer no evidence at all. To decide in favour of owners without hearing them is as ludicrous as to decide against them without hearing them. But in such matters the Spanish Government is full of resources. Owners that will not appear may be made to appear, if not really, yet in dumb show, and by a useful fiction. The Government appointed an official to pretend to represent the owners. There was nothing to prevent his coming before the Court, making what statements he pleased, offering any allegations in lieu of evidence that he could invent without fatigue, and confidently appealing to the enlightened tribunal to do his putative clients full justice. There was nothing to prevent it—no arguments being offered and no evidence being given on the other side; and then what was the Prize Court at Cadiz to do but to decide in favour of the only energetic claimant? This dummy owner winning the case in defiance of the real owners is worthy of the country of GIL BLAS. And we may congratulate ourselves, as a contemporary has pointed out, that we got this dummy set pleading, and the Court set deciding, and the Council of State set confirming the decision, without offering any menace to Spain, or sending a single English vessel of war into Spanish waters. All we did was to station a couple of ironclads at Gibraltar; and it is a beautiful instance of the unexpected purposes which things may serve that, by holding Gibraltar, we may collect a fleet under the very nose of the Spanish Government, and have everything ready to attack Cadiz, without doing anything beyond our own borders. It must be highly gratifying to the Spaniards to find that Gibraltar is so useful to us, and, we may add, to them; for as the ships were only at Gibraltar, there was no menace used, and we may all believe that the dummy owner gained his suit by sheer force of honest pleading, and by the weight of irresistible arguments. Writers, too, have been found to invest the Spaniards with an accidental halo at the present interesting crisis, and to prove in columns after columns of big print, and with abundance of marginal notes, that the Spanish Government was quite right to seize the *Tornado*, and that her condemnation was a proper one. This is exactly the point that has never been at issue. The English Government never denied that the *Tornado* was probably seized properly, and might probably have been justly condemned. The issue was entirely whether the proceedings relative to the condemnation of the vessel had not been conducted with a gross violation of the ordinary rules of law prevailing in every civilized country. But to praise the Spanish Government, and defend it on a totally irrelevant issue, shows a kindness of feeling most becoming at this crisis of mutual goodwill, and well matches with the frank modesty with which we show what a good thing it is we hold Gibraltar, because, if we have any differences with Spain, we can there collect a fleet within a few hours' sail of her chief southern ports, and yet keep it in English waters.

Even those who can scarcely bring themselves to show their joy at peace by praising Spain on a false issue, or by affecting to believe that our possession of Gibraltar will be rendered less irritating to the Spaniards by its new form of usefulness, may yet be most truly glad at the result. We are glad that we have had our way, but we are also very glad that we have had it in such a manner that a very large portion of the world will scarcely know whether we have had it or not. Probably ninety-nine Spaniards will sincerely believe that they have had a great triumph, and have established the independence and upheld the dignity of their tribunals in defiance of the English fleet. We do not for a moment wish to rob them of this satisfaction. One side in a contest must generally win, for there are few drawn games, but it is a great comfort when the winning is somehow disguised. Occasionally great changes in the political world are needed, and then decisive victories must be won, like the victories of Prussia over Austria last year, or the victory at home of Free Trade over Protection. But when no such desperate struggle is to be fought out, quiet victories are the best. That Prussia should have

dared to tell the Emperor of the FRENCH that he should not be allowed to traffic for soil on which Prussian soldiers were treading was a great triumph for Prussia, and it symbolized a vast revolution in European politics that France gave in; but it is an excellent thing that this substantial triumph was disguised by Prussia having to accept the neutralization of Luxemburg. It is a very good thing, and a very great triumph, that a Tory Government should have been forced to abandon every principle on which last year it opposed Reform, but it is a great gain that this triumph should not be associated with a party success of the Liberals. We want to get our indemnities for wrongs done to us, to hold our ground against the greatest military Power that ignores us, to secure a large measure of Reform, but we are quite content that the fall of our enemies should be made soft; and if the Spanish Government is as much pleased with the result as it says it is, we may be unaffectedly happy that we have not only made the Spaniards do what we wished, but have made them like us better than ever.

NEXT MONDAY.

A STRUGGLE which might have been both general and "sanguinary, not only in Hyde Park, but throughout the metropolis"—such is Mr. BEALES's retrospective estimate of what would have come of it last year had not Mr. Secretary WALPOLE, "with all the best feelings of a patriot and Christian," handed over the peace and safety of London, after the wrecking of the Park, to the tender mercies of the Reform League. Mr. WALPOLE's patriotic and Christian temper has now led him to take—and certainly not too soon—an opposite view of his duties and responsibilities. A meeting summoned by the League for Monday next, and to be held in Hyde Park, to "discuss" the Reform Bill, has been formally prohibited by proclamation, and the Government and Mr. BEALES are now at direct issue. The SECRETARY OF STATE's proclamation is confronted by President BEALES's proclamation. Fenianism is a hideous farce, but a week's successful or even active rebellion means the reckless shedding of blood. BEALES and BRADLAUGH in arms against the civil and military force of London constitute a joke in presence of which Fenianism itself becomes almost respectable. But it is not the less necessary to see what the Leaguers deliberately contemplate. They openly and ostentatiously defy the law; they directly and plainly announce their intention of resisting by force the exercise of constitutional authority, perfectly aware—indeed directly admitting—that this seditious, if not treasonable, action on their part involves "the imminent possibility, or it may be more truly said the imminent certainty, of a struggle which may be both general and sanguinary, not only in the Park, but throughout the metropolis." A general and sanguinary struggle means massacre and universal pillage. But it is silly to translate the talk of BEALES into common sense. We are perfectly well aware that London will not be wrecked on Monday; and we are much of the opinion of the one sensible member of the League—CONOLLY, the stonemason—that those who talk the loudest will be the first to run away. Still it is something to know what extremity of violence and riot a few desperadoes can seriously threaten. First in the tongue-doughty squad is of course the notorious BRADLAUGH, the respectable guide of opinion and guardian of decency who published the disgusting blasphemy in which Almighty God was personified as an old baboon. BRADLAUGH is of course for open war; he is not going to pay rates and taxes—a resolution to which a good many Reformers troubled with debt and impecuniosity will probably accede. BRADLAUGH is persuaded "that the time for dilly-dallying has passed away"; he is ready to "act"; he goes to Hyde Park on Monday prepared to meet force by force. Well, we shall see. The mounted marshal of the Islington Demonstration on the one side, and "S. H. WALPOLE's" myrmidons on the other. If there is anything in this BRADLAUGH more solid than blasphemy and bunkum he must come into collision with the law of England. And BRADLAUGH is noticeable, not for what he says, or for what he may or may not do, but because he really does represent the League, or rather the League represents him. At last week's meeting of the League, BEALES, the President, "deprecated the use of any language that might savour of 'bearding or daring the Government.'" But this moderation has been swept away, and on Wednesday last BRADLAUGH's resolution, to defy the Government and to resort to physical force, was carried. Some faint attempts to modify its violence failed. BEALES, if he ever seriously wished to recommend pacific counsels, was carried away by the storm.

And the situation, as they say, is this. A meeting prohibited by lawful authority is to be held, "come what may." The Government has pledged itself to prevent this meeting, and of course by the whole strength of authority if necessary. Either, then, the matter must be settled by force on both sides, or the Reform Leaguers have delivered themselves of a tissue of empty bombast which would disgrace a Billingsgate scold. As to the unanimity of the last meeting of the Leaguers, that is quite intelligible. All sober and decent people have left them. A Mr. COLLETT, himself on the Council of the League, has pointed out that it is criminal to fight the army and the police, and to shed blood, on the question of the right to hold meetings in Hyde Park. He says, and with truth, that if a meeting is held by force, by force it must be suppressed, and that the matter cannot end here; and the people must either submit, or be prepared to destroy the present political fabric. We are committed, therefore, either to a revolution or to a vindication of the authority of law.

Though there cannot be a moment's doubt of what will come of next Monday's conflict—that is, if a conflict there is to be—we are much afraid that the inevitable result will not be attained without some serious consequences. In 1848 the COCHRANES and REYNOLDSSES and FEARGUS O'CONNORS of the day turned tail ignominiously, and at once ran away at the very first display of authority. We do not think that BEALES is any better than COCHRANE, or that BRADLAUGH is more likely to turn out an EMMETT than O'CONNOR. But we must, in the interests of common fairness, say that the Leaguers have had much more encouragement to persist in their sedition than the Chartist of twenty years ago had. To do him only justice, Sir GEORGE GREY in 1848 shines in comparison with Mr. WALPOLE of 1866. BEALES and the League have some justification. BEALES cannot be contradicted when he points, as he does, to the immunity which was granted to him last July. He may not unjustly appeal to Mr. WALPOLE drunk—we mean maudlin and lachrymose—who has allowed the League to hold meeting after meeting in Hyde Park last summer, from the WALPOLE stern and sober of this spring, who now tardily prohibits next Monday's physical force assembly. BEALES has too much of the argument with him when he says that he cannot understand why what was conceded then is refused now. He might even say much more. He might appeal to the London Processions and Demonstrations which were ostentatiously protected by the police; he might quote the weekly meetings in Trafalgar Square, whose ridiculous failure did not affect their illegality, but which were always held with the tacit, though very open, assent both of Scotland Yard and the Home Office. The fact is that what we have so often pointed out has at last come to pass. We have argued repeatedly that sooner or later authority must vindicate itself, unless we are prepared to hand over the peace and property of London to the mob; but that, the later this issue was raised, the more unfavourable would be the conditions of the conflict. Had illegal meetings been nipped in the bud, sedition would not have been encouraged to adventure this last and most insolent defiance of law. And, to do them justice, the Leaguers have been candid enough. All along they have announced that they intended to make themselves a nuisance, and that they should be felt to be a nuisance. They have fairly enough admitted that in the long run the roughs of London would be found their most serviceable allies. And Mr. WALPOLE has submitted to all this. Silence on such a matter may well be taken for assent. Impunity has provoked, if it has not invited, this last open invitation to riot, violence, and perhaps worse. This is the price which the capital of the Empire may possibly have to pay next Monday for the HOME SECRETARY's Christian feelings and the extreme susceptibility of his lachrymal glands last July. Even now Mr. WALPOLE does not seem to be sure of his ground. His proposed Bill for the better regulation of the Parks comes very near to an admission that there is something in the plea that "the people" have a right to use, that is to destroy, the Parks—a point on which even to hesitate is to be lost.

Nor is this the only encouragement which may be pleaded by the League. We say nothing of the general apathy exhibited by the shopkeeping mind, though we believe that the residents and tradesmen of London are now sufficiently, if tardily, alive to their danger. We say less of the direct and open use which has been made by Mr. BRIGHT of the action of the League, because Mr. BRIGHT himself was the first to recommend illegal meetings, and now boasts that he instigated the policy of terrorism. However, when he has ventured in his place in Parliament to define his connexion with mob violence, we may find another opportunity of examining his own view of his own position. But we are reluctantly

obliged to observe that Mr. GLADSTONE and the Liberal party generally cannot divest themselves of all responsibility for what may happen. Mr. GLADSTONE has recognised BEALES and BRADLAUGH. He has taken counsel with the League; he has received their advice. To be sure, he entered a faint protest against the Good Friday promenade. Yet no—he did not quite do this. He remitted to Lord SHAFTESBURY the religious element of the question. Sublimely indifferent himself, he would not, as from himself, drop the slightest hint of disapproval or even warning. The League might proceed any lengths and yet Mr. GLADSTONE could not get himself to say that their inchoate and threatened sedition was either wrong in itself or injurious to the cause of Reform. It is painful to feel that there are many more compromised at this moment than BEALES and BRADLAUGH. As for the issue, the affair will perhaps end in something like a shabby compromise. The roughs and rioters will not be absolutely excluded from the Park; but they will not, we suppose, be suffered to hold meetings or to make speeches. Stones will possibly be thrown; hats, perhaps heads, on both sides will not improbably be damaged. There will be plenty of bluster, but nothing, we trust, more serious. The Leaguers will most of them sleep, we dare say, in a whole skin; Mr. WALPOLE will again rehearse HERACLITUS, and the British Empire will survive the 6th of May.

ITALY.

EASTER has come again, and the POPE has lived to pronounce another benediction, *unbi et orbi*, from the balcony of St. Peter's. As the chances of European tranquillity improve, the probabilities of any immediate disturbances under his palace windows perceptibly diminish. The Roman Party of Action still, however, profess to be prepared to strike a final blow, and their friends beyond the frontier are ready to assist them in case of need. M. RATTAZZI's return to power to a certain extent throws all calculations into disorder. No one ever knows what M. RATTAZZI is about. When he is Premier, internal Parliamentary politics become *finesse*, and diplomacy is turned for the time into intrigue. At the present moment some Ministerial action on the Roman question is believed to be imminent, and public opinion does not feel easy as to the shape which it may take. The new Minister's connexion with the Tuileries is one source of disquietude to many Italian politicians who are not of his immediate following. And another cause of anxiety is the difficulty of understanding M. RATTAZZI's exact relations with the KING. Whatever the precise history of the late Ministerial crisis may have been, one thing is clear, that RICASOLI disappeared from power because he could not accommodate his ideas to those of his Royal master. RATTAZZI has the credit of being as ready to err on the side of smoothness as RICASOLI on that of rigidity. M. D'AZEGLIO, in 1861, described the difference between the two statesmen in language which still holds good of both. "RICASOLI n'a pas l'art de se rendre commode, et il paraît que RATTAZZI, par contre, a un fort joli talent à cet égard." When M. RICASOLI resigns, and M. RATTAZZI succeeds him, Italy begins to suspect a Royal intrigue; and there have been some indications of late that VICTOR EMANUEL is not so sound on the subject of the POPE and the internal liberties of Italy as his subjects desire to see him. Some years back, when Austrian manifestoes represented the King of PIEDMONT as devoured by "insatiable ambition," people who knew HIS MAJESTY personally were exceedingly amused by the Austrian description. Ambition in kings grows with good fortune. There is reason to fear that, after so many unexpected pieces of prosperity, the King of ITALY is beginning to be under the mistaken impression that he is a politician. If he wishes to live in peace with his people he will wren himself from this unhappy belief. Already the seeds of disaffection in Italy have been sown by rumours of the complicity of the Palace in anti-constitutional and reactionary designs. It is curious that during the present year Italy, of all places in the world, should have been labouring under a sort of nightmare apprehension of a coming *coup d'état*. One would have thought that the two ideas of Italy and of a *coup d'état* were as opposed to one another as fire and water. But this does not seem to be the case, and until some reasonable information is afforded to the Italian public on the subject of the share which the King of ITALY has had in recent events, the enemies of Italian order will make the most of the scandals that are becoming current about the Throne. The internal administration of Italy is not what can be desired; and the embarrassed condition of her finances is a serious public evil. Serious, however, as these things are, there is a more serious

danger still which is clouding the Italian horizon, and that is the daily increasing unpopularity of the Italian monarchy.

Like the inhabitants of all other capitals in Europe at the present crisis, people at Florence have been almost exclusively engaged this week in watching with keen interest the progress of the Luxemburg dispute. The Italian Government, through the journals that are supposed to be in its confidence, takes credit, in common with the three Great Powers, for having attempted to further the chances of peace and to diminish those of a European war. What M. RATTAZZI has been in private busied in arranging might be a matter open to doubt. Every possible rumour has been circulating on the subject, and though all Italians who have not taken leave of their senses would be bitterly disappointed to see their country dragged by France into a crusade against German unity, it is not by any means clear that some sort of offensive and defensive alliance between France and Italy has not been virtually concluded. It is difficult either to prove or to disprove assertions of the existence of secret treaties. Secret treaties, however, are of no unfrequent occurrence, and when they do occur they are accompanied with the sort of vague sensation among well-informed politicians which has been produced in the present case. One obvious difficulty in the way of making such a treaty known to the world lies in the relations between the French and Austrian Emperors. If Italy is to assist France against Prussia, what is she to get for it? Further annexations on the side of the Austrian frontier are of course out of the question, unless, indeed, Austria is to be taken as certain to unite with Germany, which is the very catastrophe that NAPOLEON III. is anxious to prevent. And if Austria is to be cajoled into deserting from the German cause, and throwing herself once for all into the arms of France, some other way must be found of repaying Italy the men and money which she may place at the disposal of the French. Perhaps fresh pressure might be put by the French Government upon the POPE, but even this would scarcely suit Austrian tastes; or—as some of the good-natured French journalists who are always giving away islands and frontiers have proposed—possibly something might be done for the Italians with an island in the Mediterranean. The first thing, however, is to catch the necessary island, and in the meanwhile it seems possible to conclude that one of the proposed objects of the talk of an Italian alliance is to make the Austrians think twice before they refuse to join the league which the French EMPEROR has suggested to them. It is to be hoped, for the sake of Italy, that the untoward prospects opened out by the Luxemburg difficulty will speedily disappear on the meeting of the London Conference, and that the Italians, after an interval of excitement about foreign affairs, will return with redoubled energy to the consideration of their own business.

Meanwhile, little has been done in the last week in Parliament. Till the Budget is produced little can be done; and all parties are chiefly occupied in discussing the demerits of the KING, the personal trouble in which Madame RATTAZZI's bitter pen has involved herself and her husband, and the Committee of Honour, which has been sitting on M. RATTAZZI and M. PEPOLI, with the view of deciding whether it is necessary that M. RATTAZZI should submit to be shot at by the offended Bolognese nobleman. Such matters are doubtless very interesting to Florence drawing-rooms, but are of small importance to the rest of the world, which has not read Madame RATTAZZI's caricature on the fashionable circles of Florence, and which does not want to read it. The details of the coming financial scheme, if we could only guess them, would be of far more general interest. The abolition of the recently imposed income-tax has been thought likely to form a part of the measure; and as the tax has never produced what was expected, and has led to every kind of dishonesty and fraud, its withdrawal might be expected to command general acquiescence. It is further said that the Italian Cabinet, taking a leaf out of the book of Free Trade, are ready to revise the whole system of the Custom-house duties, in order if possible, by a wholesome lowering of the scale of imposts, and an abandonment of unnecessary burdens, to do what can be done to stimulate commerce. Upon the other hand there appear to be still rumours of a disposition to impose the long-threatened tax upon Italian fundholders—a plan which may not unjustly be accused of being something like a fraud on the creditors of the nation. And together with this objectionable suggestion is revived the veteran idea of the tax on grinding corn, of which we heard so much under recent Administrations. The real, and perhaps the only, means of restoring national credit which Italy possesses consists in her ecclesiastical landed property.

As one of the offences imputed to VICTOR EMMANUEL is that he is inclining, in his negotiations with the Vatican, to consider the interests of his soul rather than the interests of Italy, the question of the Church property is one that will be a crucial one with the Ministry. About M. RATTAZZI's own sentiments and antecedents on the subject of Rome and the Roman clergy there can be no manner of doubt. The POPE has no more reason to like him than he has to like Lord RUSSELL. And M. RICASOLI's late Bill was so bad that it will be easy for M. RATTAZZI to produce a better. Still the country cannot be said to be easy on the subject of the new Cabinet or of its Roman policy, nor is the Cabinet itself other than a raw and untried one. Every day Italy has cause to regret the memory of the great men whom she has lost in the last few years. The generation which is coming up does not seem equal to the generation which is departing. In the recent death of POERIO she has to deplore another of her famous children; and it may be said that few of those who have fought the fight of Italian independence, and borne the brunt and burden of the day, still remain. Nobody as yet has begun to fill up the gaps made by death, and *exoriare aliquis* continues to be the prayer of all lovers of Italian progress.

WHAT NEXT?

WE borrow this title from the author of a long letter to the *Times*, in which free vent is given to the irritation which has been excited in a large section of the Liberal party by the rejection of Mr. GLADSTONE's Amendment. It is natural that this irritation should be felt, for the Liberal party has long been accustomed to be triumphant on condition of not being liberal, and an open defeat is a new and unpleasant sensation. The letter is full of blood and gunpowder, and nothing will satisfy the ardour of the writer except to see the fragments of the Tory party blown visibly into the air. But it is also only fair to say that this irritation is due to something else than the sting of a party defeat. It springs in a large degree from a conviction that justice has not been done to Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal. It would have admitted, as a matter of certainty, many more voters, directly and without any trouble, than would probably be admitted under very severe restrictions under Mr. DISRAELI's scheme. The addition to the register would have been large, and it would have been instantaneously large, and the comparative comfort and ease of voting would have been incontestably greater. Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal was virtually to repeat the Bill of last year, and the Bill of last year was a very much better Bill than the Bill of this year. But the real question at issue was whether the Bill of this year might not be made a better Bill than the Bill of last year was. Mr. DISRAELI's Bill is full of "shoddy," but the House of Commons decided that it was worth while to try whether the shoddy might not be taken out. It remains to be seen whether this opinion was justified or not. As at present framed, the Bill is tainted with the vice of drawing an odious and inadmissible distinction between the richer and the poorer classes. It casts burdens on the poor voter which it does not cast on the richer voter. It will not trust one voting householder as readily as another. Until altered by the vote of Thursday on Mr. AYRTON's Amendment, it made the poor man reside longer than his wealthier neighbour need do, and it still places the compound householder with a 10*l.* rental in a much more favourable position than the compound householder whose rental is less. This is a most serious fault, and it would be far better that no Reform Bill should pass this year than that the Bill which passed should contain provisions so vexatious, and so certain to cause new strife and a fiercer warfare. But these provisions can be removed. It is not denied that if Mr. HIBBERT's Amendment were equally successful with Mr. AYRTON's, and if the Government accepted the decision of the House on both points, the fatal objection to the Bill, that it is invidious to the poor, would be removed. Our answer to the question "What next?" is that the Liberal party should insist on having it removed, and the speeches with which Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI received the last of their curious pocket deputations lead us to believe that the Government will not offer any serious opposition to a proposal to make the Bill fair to all who are allowed to vote.

Assuming both of these Amendments to be carried, the effect would be, so far as the borough suffrage goes, that the law would stand as it does now, except that whereas a householder, to vote, must now pay 10*l.* rent, he might for the future vote whatever was his rental. Surely this is a great stride in the path of Reform. Who would have believed, a year ago, that the Conservatives would

have proposed that the law shall otherwise stay as it is, but that the amount of rental shall be simply struck out? But then, it is said, the existing law is bad. It insists on the payment of rates, and this is an arbitrary and vexatious restriction. Paying rates is only paying a debt, and it would be equally reasonable to insist that a voter shall show that he has paid for his bread and his beer before he can vote. This is theoretically true, for that a man pays his rates is very little to his credit, considering how stringent are the processes of law in case of default, and it would be much more to the credit of a voter to show that he paid regularly for all the loaves that he and his family consumed. Yet, on the other hand, this payment of rates is a test actually existing of the respectability of the voter, and it is not a severe one. This, however, is not the objection to the Bill most insisted on. It applies equally to compound and non-compound householders, and if there had been no compound householders, the mere exaction of the payment of rates, not being a novelty but a continuance of the existing law, would have raised little opposition. It is the unfortunate and anomalous position of the compound householder that excites so much compassion. His position is bad now, as is said to be proved by the small number of compound householders who take the trouble to put themselves on the register, although at present this escapes notice, because the number of compound householders paying a rental above 10*l.* is small; but the evils of the position of the compound householder will be glaring when compound householders form half of the possible constituencies of boroughs. This is a question of detail, and must be examined with some degree of minuteness in order to be appreciated. The compound householder will have, under the Government Bill, to make a claim to vote, and he will, by making this claim, render himself primarily liable for his rates; but under Mr. HIBBERT's Amendment he will be entitled to deduct from his rent all that he pays. He has not to lose money, but to find it first, and then, in a week or two, get it back by stopping the payment out of his rent. Under the existing law, if a landlord agrees with his tenant to pay the taxes of his tenant, and pays them, this is a valid payment on behalf of the tenant, and there is nothing in the present Bill to alter this. Although the tenant is registered as the ratepayer, still the landlord may pay as his agent. If he does this in a borough under the Small Tenements Act, he will be in the position of an agent who has engaged to fulfil an obligation to his principal; and if he does not fulfil it, his principal will recoup himself by the easy process of stopping moneys coming due to the agent. But, further than this, the landlord, acting under the Small Tenements Act coupled with the provisions of the present Bill, might very fairly be expressly recognised as an agent who has held himself out to the parish as willing to pay moneys for his principal. The parish may, conveniently for all parties, apply to him as agent, although, if he fails to pay, it would not have any remedies against him as a defaulting ratepayer until it had exhausted them against the tenant who has made the claim to vote. The case may therefore be shaped as follows. The parish may first ask the landlord to pay as agent for the tenant, and then, if he neglects to discharge this legal duty, it may come upon his principal, who in his turn will come upon the landlord by stopping the payment out of the rent. Under this arrangement there can be no doubt that in practice the landlord will always pay the rate, and the compound householder, from the day he makes his claim, will never hear of the rates. The compound householder will be as well off as the non-compounder, for he will have an agent always ready to pay for him. A clause may easily be inserted in the Reform Bill that, in parishes where the Small Tenements Act is in operation, the collector of rates shall in the first instance apply, for the rate due by a tenant who has claimed to vote, to the landlord as his agent. This is not, it must be observed, a violation of what the Government calls its principle, nor of the decision of the House on Mr. GLADSTONE's Amendment. The tenant would be primarily liable for the rate, and it would be against him that the authorities would invoke the sharp remedies of the law; but the landlord, who has in the last resort to pay them, might be asked in the first instance to pay them as the tenant's agent. This, then, is our second answer to "What next?" Help the embarrassed compound householder by interposing the landlord as his agent between him and the rate-collector.

That the Bill of the present Government shall be amended, if possible, seems to be the general opinion of the country, so far as it can be gathered from speeches and letters. There is at Liberal meetings plenty of genuine detestation of the Bill as it is now framed, but there is no apparent wish for a Bill to be substituted for it on the basis of a fixed figure of rental or rating. It is of course open to any one to say that the

opinion of the country is in favour of Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal, for no one can exactly prove what the opinion of the country is. But we have not seen any leading Reformer, or any important meeting of Reformers, state a preference for a suffrage based on a fixed figure over household suffrage freed from unwise restrictions. In the same way, although here we own the indications of opinion are much more variable and indecisive, the balance of opinion seems to be that Mr. GLADSTONE was right in declining to accept the position into which he was rapidly being driven—that of a party leader who was always being beaten because, while his enemies wished he should fight, his supporters wished he should fight unsuccessfully. Mr. BAINES, indeed, thinks that he has good reason to complain of the course taken by Mr. GLADSTONE; but Mr. BAINES does not face the difficulty which Mr. GLADSTONE had to encounter. Mr. BAINES would have liked to have a Bill such as that indicated by Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal, and he cannot endure to think that he is not to have such a Bill as he would like. He does not want the Bill of the Government improved, and he would like Mr. GLADSTONE to make another attempt to upset it altogether. But Mr. GLADSTONE is quite aware that to make this attempt directly would only be to court another defeat, to dishearten still further his followers, and to weaken still further his position. If the Bill is to be altered satisfactorily, the alteration must be approached from the side of those who wish for the Bill, if it can be improved. If, in some indirect way, the result hinted at by Mr. GLADSTONE were attained, and the decision on his Amendment were in fact reversed, this evidently could only be done indirectly. It is not, therefore, for him to lead openly where his followers will not openly follow him, nor for him to aim at indirect results when the fact that he avowedly aims at them will prevent their being realized. But he appears, from his letter to his Lancashire constituents, to have no notion of separating himself from the further discussion of Reform, or of abandoning his position generally. Before long some decisive step must be taken, and the Bill will on some really important point receive a Liberal character, or it will not. When this has been done, and the House has distinctly shown its real views on Reform, the Liberal party, if the result is favourable to it, can once more act with confidence and spirit. But at the present moment it is by no means undesirable that Amendments on the carrying of which all the value of the Bill depends should be in the hands of private members, and not of the leader of the Opposition. The third answer, therefore, to the question, "What next?" is that the Liberal party, by securing the success of these Amendments, should prepare the way for Mr. GLADSTONE's resuming his leadership with increased power and activity, and, we will hope, with some benefit from the lessons of experience.

THE LONDON AND BRIGHTON RAILWAY.

THE internal dissensions of a Joint-Stock Company scarcely form a proper subject of public comment, but the owners of the vast capital invested in railways find their property under present circumstances depreciated by any kind of discredit which may attach, justly or unjustly, to the character of any considerable Railway Company. The temporary insolvency of two or three undertakings has naturally given rise to a controversy on the methods by which shareholders and creditors may be secured against similar misfortunes. It is impossible to draw an accurate line of division between public and private affairs; but quantity as well as quality must be taken into consideration, and three or four hundred millions of capital cannot expect immunity from discussion. Yet it ought to be remembered that the community at large is only concerned with the supply of useful lines of communication, and with the effective service of existing railways. A certain suspicion applies to writers who, in the real or supposed interest of shareholders, deprecate the construction of railways which have been deliberately authorized by Parliament. In some instances it may be the interest of the promoters to rescind an unprofitable bargain; but there can be few cases in which the saving of outlay would not be attended with public inconvenience. The competing line to Brighton which was authorized in the last Session affords almost a solitary exception to the rule, inasmuch as the impoverishment of the existing Company would probably be followed by a diminution in the number and speed of the trains on the best passenger line in England. Public attention has been unduly drawn to the policy of the London,

Brighton, and South Coast Railway by the injudicious agitation of a section of shareholders, and by the less excusable hostility to the Company of a professedly impartial writer. It is difficult to conjecture the reasons which have for more than a year filled the City article of the *Times* with incessant attacks on the management of the Brighton Company. For many months the Directors were accused of inability to provide accommodation for redundant traffic. They are now charged, in the same spirit, though on opposite grounds, with a wanton sacrifice of the interests of their constituents in their adoption of certain branch lines which, with the unanimous assent of the shareholders, they have repeatedly pledged themselves to construct. In more than one libellous letter published in the City article the conduct of the Brighton Directors has been misrepresented in a manner which could deceive neither writer nor reader who understood the ordinary course of railway transactions. The formal transfer of new lines from individual Directors who were evidently trustees for the Brighton Company has been strangely perverted into a supposed compact for a relief from burdensome liabilities.

If the investigation of causes and motives is difficult and barren, the effects of systematic invective and misrepresentation are sufficiently plain. The former attacks on the Brighton Company were intended to promote the success of an extravagant scheme for laying out 3,000,000*l.* in the construction of an utterly useless line from Beckenham to Brighton. The project, which was unluckily sanctioned by Parliament, was promoted jointly by the South-Eastern and by the Chatham Companies. As the only possible return for the proposed expenditure must arise from the division of the receipts of Brighton traffic, the passage of the Bill lowered the value of Brighton shares about 20 per cent. The great depression of railway property, and the exposure of the affairs of the Chatham Company, have since suggested the probability that it will be impossible to provide capital for the authorized line, and the certainty that, if it is to be made at all, Parliament must be asked to extend the time of construction. It is therefore the interest of the projectors to put a pressure on the Brighton Company, and more especially to impede the completion of the Surrey and Sussex line which occupies a considerable part of the district which the Beckenham and Brighton line purported to accommodate. The landowners of Sussex have unanimously urged the construction of the different branch lines which have been adopted by the Brighton Company; but rival Companies have often objects entirely opposed to the public interest, and it may have been thought possible either to force the Brighton Board into an amalgamation with the Kentish Companies, or at least to lay the foundation of a plausible charge of neglect and breach of faith. The agitation of the last month has reduced Brighton stock by no less than seventeen per cent. According to the Stock Exchange list the price was 73-75 on the 31st of March, and 56-58 on the 30th of April. Yet the traffic receipts have not diminished, nor has the Company any difficulty about debentures. The only causes which have affected the price of the stock are the meetings and statements of the repudiating shareholders, and the systematic attacks which have appeared in the City article of the *Times*. If the proprietors at their approaching meeting sanction the policy of their deadliest enemies, they will probably experience a still heavier depreciation. The only circumstance which has affected the intrinsic value of the property is the passage of the Act for the competing line, which can at the worst only affect the traffic between London and the town of Brighton. Two years ago the price was more than 100, and yet the dividend, in spite of exceptionally unfavourable circumstances, has not fallen below four per cent.

In the absence of minute and special information it is impossible to judge whether all the branch lines of the Brighton Company are likely to be separately remunerative. Any railway map will show that they are admirably laid out for the accommodation of the country; and nearly all the lines have been originally introduced by independent promoters with strong local support. The provision of subsidiary branches by the owners of great trunk lines has been uniformly recommended by the advocates of systematic railway construction; and the adjudication of branches to existing Companies constituted the solitary principle of Lord DALHOUSIE's Reports during his Presidency of the Board of Trade. The French Government has thought the unity of ownership so important that, after arranging the terms of construction, it has in several instances reopened the contract for the purpose of granting the original Companies more advantageous conditions. In addition to the general considerations of expediency which induce a Railway Company to guard against local competition, the Brighton Board had

strong reasons for adopting the undertakings which some of the shareholders rashly propose to repudiate. The competing scheme of the Kentish Companies was first introduced in 1863, and in a severe contest which ensued the Brighton Company was repeatedly taunted with its slackness in providing for the accommodation of East Sussex. The Beckenham scheme was reproduced under different names in 1864 and 1865, and it was obviously prudent to deprive the hostile Companies of the argument which might be founded on inadequate provision for the local traffic. The Surrey and Sussex line, which is now described by avowed enemies and pretended friends as an utterly useless undertaking, was strenuously opposed by the South-Eastern Company, who apprehended a serious diversion of traffic. If the interests of the Brighton Company and of its most formidable and active rival have suddenly become identical, the coincidence is surprising. If the East Sussex lines had not been promoted and authorized, the intrusive Beckenham scheme could scarcely have been opposed with any prospect of success. The repudiation of the branches will almost certainly insure the completion of the rival line, and the consequent forfeiture of half the receipts earned between Brighton and London. Shareholders have sometimes suffered from excessive confidence in Directors, but an habitual tendency to thwart the policy of Boards is likely to be far more ruinous to their interests. In the present instance, the dissenting proprietors are professedly and openly acting against the public interest, and the Company will be liable to the just retribution which must follow their success. It happens that the repudiating party is allied with the bitterest enemies of the Company, who have even ventured to compare the disputed policy of expending a few hundreds of thousands of pounds on extensions with the proved delinquencies of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company. No Railway Board has at any time broken faith with the residents and traders of an adjacent district without incurring the penalty of hostile competition encouraged by local favour. The abandonment of authorized lines will be welcomed by hostile neighbours, who have perhaps already made their voice heard in Brighton discussions. A litigious shareholder is often a compound being, who has other interests besides those which are represented by his vote. If the Brighton proprietors reject the insidious proposals of the repudiating party, there is no reason why their stock should not in a short time recover its former value.

JOHN BULL.

THERE is probably no nation in Europe that does not take a sort of naive pleasure and pride in believing that it stands towards its neighbours in the position of an original inhabitant, and that its own manners and customs are far more ancient and respectable than the manners and customs it sees on every side of it. The French democrat flatters himself that he is the representative of the Latin race, and that he inherits from immemorial ages a right to take the lead in all the affairs of the Continent. Mr. Matthew Arnold's Arminius plumes himself on a name which is two thousand years old. And the Englishman is conscientiously persuaded that an honest Briton is not only the noblest but the oldest work of Heaven, and that, whatever may be his faults, there is at any rate nothing newfangled about him:—

I am the old traditional man bull;
And from my ancestors having been Ionian,
I am called Ion; which, by interpretation,
Is John; in plain Theban, that is to say,
My name's JOHN BULL. I am a famous hunter,
And can leap any gate in all Boetia.

Some dignified sentiment of this kind is bound up with and forms an unconscious part of the opinions of most of us upon every political, moral, and theological subject that presents itself. We are pleased to think that there is something about all that we say and do which has stood the test of time. The most rabid Protestant of the day would be shocked to be told that his particular form of creed is no older than the Reformation. According to Mr. Whalley and Dr. Cumming it is the Church of Rome that is the novelty and the excrement; and Exeter Hall would repudiate with indignation the idea that its favourite tenets only date back to the age of Luther or of Henry VIII. In politics it is just the same. Differing in all other things, Mr. Bright and Mr. Disraeli both agree in professing their unflinching fidelity to the old landmarks of the Constitution. In fact, each of us has a secret conviction that in some mysterious way or other he is, like the Oriental potentate, if not a brother, at any rate some sort of lineal descendant, of the Sun and Moon. The last knockdown argument which the Briton applies to anything that he does not like or that he does not understand is that it is not English. Ritualism and the ballot, French claret and German philosophy, may be good things in theory, but in practice they are mere kickshaws. John Bull will none of them. He prefers the simple fare and the simple faith which have come down to him from his fathers.

And it is more from instinct than from reason that he makes up his mind to live and die rallying round all that his fathers have rallied round, whether it be old port wine, the purchase system in the army, the Union Jack, or the Royal family. It is in virtue of this feeling that the country, whatever its political movements, or its progress in tastes or arts, is conservative at heart. The Englishman was born, and wishes to die, plain John Bull.

It would be a curious and instructive study if we could contrive to trace back this archaic fancy to its very beginning, and to watch the enormous effect that so spontaneous and simple an instinct must have had at all times of our history upon our moral and political development as a people. In itself the instinct is of the very rudest and most primitive character. It is one which the barbarous tribe possesses quite as strongly as the most civilized community. It begins in ignorance and isolation; it is the result of a want of common feeling between the various groups of the great human family; and yet it is impossible to say that the instinct, barbarous and archaic as it is in its inception, has not done good as well as harm to the world at large. If ever there was a time when mankind were not dispersed, it must have been a time when patriotism was an unknown virtue. Before the Tower of Babel, if there ever was a literal Babel, and for a long time after it, there can have been no patriots. The love of country, which we are taught from childhood to revere as one of the most wholesome and beneficial characteristics of a good citizen, is only a slightly refined improvement upon the selfish domestic passion which binds the savage to the savages among whom he has been brought up, and which teaches him to look with suspicion on the savage who lives at a little distance, on the other side of the nearest river, or across the nearest sea. Want of intercourse and sympathy with others produces it. As the tribe or the caravan becomes a nation, the rough domestic passion becomes larger and more tolerant; but it is a selfish and a separating passion still, and constitutes a barrier between man and his fellow-men. If we could imagine the world independent of the impediments of space, and the inhabitants of each of its subdivisions completely in harmony with each other, patriotism itself would come to an end. In so ideal a state of things, men and women would look back upon it as we look back upon the somewhat brutal virtues of the age of chivalry. They would regard it as a species of transitional good quality, not without its use for quasi-savages, but wholly inconsistent with an enlightened system of human development. In a restricted sense patriotism would seem to them to have been unselfish, so far as it ranks the interest of the State above the interest of a single individual; and in this sense the old familiar types of patriotism, the Brutuses and the Catos, would command a sort of faint respect to the last. But in its wider sense patriotism might be deemed hereafter to have been a doubtful moral quality. It is true that it places the State above the individual; but, on the other hand, it no less clearly tends to rank the good of the State above the ties of humanity. If the patriot does not live for himself, he lives at all events for his immediate circle of belongings. As opposed to the mere egotist, he is no doubt a paragon of excellence. But weighed in the balance with the cosmopolitan and the philanthropist, he would as certainly be found wanting. And it is clear that history would furnish plenty of instances to justify this criticism. Half the wars that have desolated the Continent have sprung from the antipathies of nations and of races, and from their incapacity to sympathize with each other's interests. The notion of a balance of European power has been at the bottom of the greatest and bloodiest contests of the last two centuries. And even in our own times of superior wisdom, patriotism every now and then threatens civilization with new explosions quite as formidable, and as ruinous to peace and progress. If there were no such thing, there would be no Luxemburg question, no Fenianism, no American war, no Mexican war, no dangers to be apprehended in the East from Russia, or on the Rhine and in Belgium from France. Whatever else comes from patriotism, wars and rumours of wars certainly are among its offspring; and one can imagine some philosopher of the future surveying the ruins of the Nelson column and of the Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square, and exclaiming of patriotism as the Roman poet exclaimed of something still more respectable—

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

In a highly Utopian English commonwealth there will accordingly, we are afraid, be no room at all for John Bull. His name will survive, like the man in armour at the Lord Mayor's Show, as a kind of historical and antiquarian relic to point back to the time when men were desperately suspicious of their kind, and fenced themselves off from the rest of the world by every sort of uncivilized expedient. The distractions of Europe, or of the known world, will read like the feuds between the Greek republics in the days of Pericles; and the pride and vanity of the Bulls will be told of in the same sort of tone as that in which novelists tell of the provincial arrogance and bigotry of old country squires. Most people can imagine such a change in the temper of the race. But most people usually satisfy themselves that such a change is too far distant to be taken into account in any of our worldly calculations. A political millennium so delightful is, they conceive, as far off as the millennium of Dr. Cumming. The leopard and the lamb in the Zoological Gardens do not appear more inclined to fraternize now than

they did in the days of the Jewish prophet; and human passions are generally thought to be as ineradicable as the ferocious appetites of the beasts at Regent's Park. And at the bottom of his heart John Bull is hardly sorry to think that the day is not yet at hand when he is to be improved off the face of the earth. Every time there is a new trouble abroad, or a new six-hundred-pounder invented at home, he secretly triumphs in his heart over the gross folly of the humanitarians who go on believing in a credulous way in the dream of universal peace. He observes, with secret amusement, that the Emperor of the French, in the very year of his boasted Exhibition, cannot keep his hands off his neighbour's vineyard. He feels at the spectacle just as he feels when Dr. Cumming orders in a fresh ton of coals or takes a new lease of his premises. Whether the millennium is ever coming or not is of course a matter of controversy still, but at all events John Bull perceives with cruel satisfaction that it is certainly not going to arrive in the course of the next twelvemonth. Patriotism, however vehemently demagogues may declaim, is not over yet. We have a little breathing-time left before we are all made men and brothers in spite of ourselves; and the British flag may still continue to brave the battle and the breeze. Philosophers and madmen may, if they please, cherish the visionary hope of a distant era when there will be no more flags at all, or when the British flag, if it still exists, will only exist in the sense in which the banner of one body of Amalgamated Christian Foresters at a monster Temperance procession floats peacefully by the side of another.

Nor can anybody deny that there is a great deal of truth and sense in this material, John Bull disbelief in the world's progress. If the reign of universal brotherhood is coming, it comes certainly with great slowness and deliberation. Yet, without unnecessary credulity in the perfectibility of mankind, an impartial observer might perhaps come to the conclusion that there are some indications perceptible, both at home and abroad, of a decided modification of the old barriers that separate nation from nation. Perhaps they may not ripen into any movement of great moment; but for all that the seeds of change do exist, and are sufficiently visible. The first thing that is worth noticing is that the conditions of human life are altering every day with great rapidity. We remarked above that if the world could only annihilate space, it would have made a distinct step in the direction of cosmopolitan and humanitarian as opposed to local and patriotic ideas. And the world is doing its best, with the aid of science, to annihilate space every month. The different nations of Europe are fast learning each other's habits and ideas, and beginning to comprehend each other's interests. Even in the time of the first French Revolution the disposition on the part of one people to sympathize with the political ideas of another had begun. Both in Germany and in England there was a decided section of the community that looked on events at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present rather from a French than from a patriotic point of view. And the disposition is increasing to regard foreign events as typical and representative of ideas which we can understand at home. The late American war affords an instance of what we mean. Neither the upper nor the lower classes of this country really knew very much about the American war. Few people understood the causes of the antipathy between North and South, though everybody chose to be a partisan of one side or the other. The truth was that North and South represented to the general English mind two different schools of thought, and two different sets of political ideas; and in bestowing their sympathy on this or on that side in the struggle, both the upper and lower class rallied round some favourite political idea of their own which they conceived to be at stake. The affairs of the Continent have a similar effect upon English people. And in addition to this, it is easy to see how, as knowledge spreads, the classes of every nation, independently of any national considerations, become impregnated with a strong fellow-feeling in favour of the corresponding classes in other countries. Workmen in London feel for, and express their confidence in, the workmen of Paris and Berlin. Labour here sympathizes with, and would do its best to aid, labour there. This cosmopolitan sympathy between labour at home and labour abroad is becoming a sort of creed and profession. The authors that the labouring class reads with most admiration teach and preach it. Popular poets write about it. European celebrities like Victor Hugo and Garibaldi, who have arrived at the art of being able to touch the hearts of the lower orders in all lands alike, are always inculcating it. The revolutionary movement of the day has not yet succeeded in implanting anywhere two out of its three great maxims. Liberty and Equality have not yet made their appearance on Continental soil, except so far as Equality has taken root in France. But the third—Fraternity—is certainly becoming a sign of the times.

It is always difficult for educated people to speak with confidence about the mental and moral condition of the masses, nor would it be wise to speak dogmatically on the question whether the John Bull element in our national character is one that is seriously threatened by the democratic movement in England which is making itself felt. How far are the masses attached to the old traditions of the country? It is not easy to say. At present they seem disposed to adhere with praiseworthy pertinacity to some sound British principles. They hate the Pope, they cheer the British flag, they are not otherwise than fond of British grenadiers, and they are attached to the Royal family, especially to that portion of it which is distin-

guished for feminine beauty. Nobody can, however, feel certain that any of these excellent dispositions is firmly rooted in the sons of the soil, except perhaps a healthy detestation of the Pope. As long as "Rule Britannia" remains the national anthem, so long probably will the successor of St. Peter be liable to be burnt in effigy; but the fate of the other old John Bull qualities of loyalty to the Throne and attachment to the national flag may be more questionable. A vicious King, or an ill-treated and unhappy Queen (for the lower orders are keenly susceptible to the immoralities of the upper), might upset in a month all the popular enthusiasm for crowned heads that it has taken centuries to foster. The worst of the prospect is that political selfishness would not necessarily disappear even if patriotism itself were to become an antiquated prejudice. The world has suffered sufficiently from the morbidity of patriotism, it is true. The selfishness of nations is bad enough. But the selfishness of classes would not be less of a calamity; and it is too possible that, as the former diminishes, the latter may increase.

MAY MEETINGS.

IT is a very ancient remark, that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. We are, it might be said with more accuracy, cut up by invisible barriers into a large number of compartments, in each of which the knowledge and interest of the members are confined within its own limits. We could mention a corner of England, within easy reach of railways, and frequently visited by tourists, where there is not a soul who has ever heard the name of Tennyson, or who is aware that Parliament is at present occupied upon a Reform Bill. The one political question which really excites some interest there is that of the new law about taxing dogs. Even when we hear of some agitation which is supposed to be stirring the very heart of the country, it is often curious to find within what narrow limits its action is confined. There is a small minority which looks upon each year as marked principally by the name of the winner of the Derby; another which thinks of it only as the year in which certain Ministers came into office; and a third which recollects it by the variations in the price of the Funds. Each of these sections naturally looks upon itself as the central body of the country, and considers that the position of all other sections is to be defined by their relations to it. England is to one set of people pre-eminently a sporting country, to another a political, and to a third a commercial country; and each set is totally unable to conceive the profound indifference with which nine out of ten persons, taking the whole population into account, are apt to regard it. When Mr. Palgrave got into Central Arabia, he found that the orthodox Mahomedans held the unpleasant creed, not entirely peculiar to orthodox Mahomedans, that every one outside their sect would be damned everlastingly. He remarks, however, that this is in practice not so unpleasant a belief as it appears to be on a rough statement; for the faithful also held that they constituted by far the larger part of the world, and that Christians, Jews, and infidels were merely an insignificant fringe to the true Mahomedans, perhaps in the ratio of one to ten. They were nothing but a small exceptional race, of abnormal hard-heartedness, whose fate might be contemplated with serenity, because it really affected so few persons. It often seems as if this opinion of the Wahabees was the common one. Each man fancies that the persons by whom he is surrounded, and whom he is constantly meeting, must really be by far the most numerous, and thus suffers from the illusions of a kind of mental foreshortening of all other phenomena due to his particular point of view. We have no doubt that there are men to whom it is the central object of all ambition to be the champion player at knurr and spell. But the doctrine is especially true of religious sects. If the faithful of each creed could really see its followers in their true relation to the rest of the world, they would despair from their own sense of insignificance. But even if they know the statistical fact, they entirely fail to represent it to their imaginations; and they consider the world to be chiefly made up of Jumpers or Mormons or Primitive Wesleyans, with just a sprinkling of heterodox opinions.

Starting from this general truth, we presume that the people who throng Exeter Hall during the early part of the present month are, in their own opinion, the centre of the universe. The world indeed has been talking about other things—about the Reform Bill, or the strikes of workmen, or even about the Chester Cup. But then the world is beneath their notice, and the only objects of interest worthy the attention of an intelligent being are the Reports of the Church Missionary Society, or the Society for the Conversion of Jews, or some other machinery for propagating their own opinions. They have been looking forward for weeks to the meeting of the faithful, and have discussed with interest the questions, who were to take the chair at the different meetings, and who were to supply the usual compromise between speeches and sermons. Naturally, when they come together, they feel that they are the salt of the earth, and that Lord Shaftesbury and the Dean of Carlisle are the foremost men in all England. We have no particular desire to dispute their estimate of their own importance, and still less to discuss in any way the merit of their peculiar tastes. A public meeting is not, to our minds, a very agreeable form of dissipation, and least of all a religious public meeting. There is indeed something grand about a crowd when it is lashed to a real state of excitement which for the moment carries the most reluctant away with it. Whatever may be the merits of

Mr. Bright's opinions, it is pleasant for a time to sympathize with the emotions of a multitude when thoroughly under the influence of his oratory; but a religious meeting which is lulled by unctuous eloquence, stiffened to the right consistency by a free admixture of Biblical language, poured forth with the monotonous facility acquired in pulpits, and rendered stupid by the total want of opposition, would, to our tastes, be deadly dull. Still there is a public which takes its pleasure sadly after this peculiar form, and which, as it has little sympathy with any of the outside publics, cannot be astonished if they feel little sympathy with it. It is a perfectly harmless and legitimate form of amusement—far superior, for example, to that of knocking down railings in Hyde Park. Some of the utterances, however, of the speakers, as reported by the *Record*, afford a more legitimate ground for reflection. They make us wonder how it is that the particular sect which gathers together at May Meetings is marked off so very distinctly from the rest of the world, and why its movements excite so little interest in the general public. The Dean of Carlisle informs us that he has lately "been obliged to read a good deal of a particular kind of literature," and that he has there found it stated that "his sort is wearing out very fast; that, with the exception of one or two cantankerous and irreclaimable controversialists, the Evangelical party is subsiding, and being absorbed, and disappearing." We would endeavour to submit patiently to the wearing out of the Dean of Carlisle's sort, and we doubt whether the argument by which he apparently met the assertion, namely, that the Church Missionary Society raised 150,000*l.* last year, is quite conclusive. As to the dying out, however, of the Evangelical party, it is plainly impossible to obtain any satisfactory information. No religious census could determine such a delicate point as the varying strength and direction of the great currents of opinion. Even the amount of money raised in a given year is an insufficient barometer for determining such delicate changes in the state of the theological atmosphere; and we must be content to judge rather by impression, and by the attitude of the party themselves. The last test, if we may infer anything from the tone of the speeches reported, would not be a favourable one; for it is palpable that they do not even profess to be the source of any of the great movements of the day. They are on the defensive, rather than aggressors; they are shrieking forth anathemas against those who leave them, and exhorting each other to stand upon the old lines, rather than glorying over fresh conquests. The Bishop of Cork talks a good deal about the old Protestant spirit of the country, but it is in order to prove that it is sleeping, and not dead; that, although quiescent, it is ready when wanted; and he compares it to the British infantry lying on the ground at Waterloo, but panting to be led against the foe. It may be that this view is correct, that there is merely a temporary lull, and that after a time the Evangelical army may spring from the ground in response to the "up and at them" of some theological leader; only, at present, they are lying down, and lying down is, to say the least, an equivocal attitude.

The ultimate success of any opinion will, or at any rate ought to, depend upon its truth, though to approach the question from this side would obviously be impossible here; but there are one or two remarks which may be worth the notice of these generals of a recumbent army, if they wish to prognosticate the future fate of the warfare. New creeds may arise in two ways—either as an intellectual movement, or as a result of new social developments. The last is the most potent influence, because it is felt by the greatest number of minds in the most sensitive way, and it is curiously illustrated by the growth of Mormonism, which succeeds by certain industrial attractions in spite of the grossest intellectual absurdity. The difficulties raised by scientific growth are, however, obviously the main cause of many of the new theological developments in Europe. Now in regard to these it is plain, to any one who observes what is going on around him, that the Evangelical party stands, as it were, on one side; it does not meet scepticisms by denying the competency of reason, like one extreme set of thinkers, nor does it accept scientific opinions, and try to reconcile them with ancient doctrine, like the other extreme. It is confused and puzzled, and contents itself with simply denouncing all who differ from it. Now it is evident that a party in this position cannot assimilate any of the great moving forces of the day. Unless it has something more effective to say, the enthusiastic part of mankind—that is, the part which makes proselytes—will drift to other camps, where questions are met more vigorously; and, as a matter of fact, this is the result upon most young men of ability, whose opinions, however valueless in themselves, generally indicate the direction of the main currents of thought. It is easy to find ten such men amongst the parties denounced as Romanizing or Rationalizing for one amongst the pure-bred Evangelicals; and till it is able to reconcile them, it cannot hope to gain the initiative. Socially its position is analogous. A great deal of ridicule has been lavished upon the party for their missions to Borrioboola Gha, compared with their neglect of Gin Lane. In one sense this is unfair, for certainly they are bound in consistency to do something for the heathen, if he can be persuaded to accept their good services; and their best claim to glory is that they once did much towards directing public opinion against negro slavery. But in a less easily demonstrable sense it is probably true. To establish its right to live and flourish, any creed must show its capacity for meeting the great social evils of the country where it exists; the true rivalry of different religious parties should lie in attacking the common enemy of vice allied with misery. Now Evangelicism, whatever

its merits, has certainly a tendency to exist principally amongst the comfortable and the selfish classes. Its chief leaders are well-to-do merchants, brewers, and bankers, who combine religion with a careful eye to business; even its saints were rich gentlemen in good houses, whose nearest approach to martyrdom was losing a Parliamentary division and being ridiculed in the papers. Its main hold is upon those middle classes who may be the pride of our country, but who are stupid and unsympathetic, and have a very strong value for their personal comforts. They like the excitement of listening to missionary stories, but are not specially given to making sacrifices at home. In short, the Evangelical party in its present condition, when the old Puritanic fire seems to be extinct except for purposes of respectability, is above all parties singularly repellent of heroism. A cosy, comfortable missionary, with 300*l.* a year and a wife and two children, is not a very high ideal; but it is seldom that the Evangelical section turns out anything much more exalted. As long as that is the case its leaders will probably have to gloss over its lying-down propensities at religious meetings; and meanwhile it would do them not a little good if, instead of denouncing their rivals, they would manage to take occasional trips into the outside world and "see themselves as others see them."

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY IN 1867.

UNPLEASANT as the fact may be, there is, we fear, no doubt that this year will see in many families as much distress and as much pinching as the last saw. The dire shadow of last year's commercial eclipse is still chilling our homes and darkening our paths. Although there is more money than would suffice to buoy up every tottering firm of note, there is a perfect dearth of credit. And it is this utter dearth of credit that will be so painfully and pinchingly felt in numberless families throughout England. In the first place, half of the small incomes of the country are derived from railways, and more than one great railway is practically insolvent. It is impossible to measure accurately the precise amount of the misery thus inflicted. Whatever the amount is now, it will be doubled if all the engineers on all the railways combine to strike; for enhanced wages or suspended traffic and constant dividends are incompatible. Although perhaps, in the majority of cases, personal incomes do not consist wholly of railway dividends, yet in some cases they do, and in a good many one-half is derived from this source. It needs but small powers of imagination to conceive the straits to which people whose whole annual income does not exceed 400*l.*, and half of this produced from one source, must be reduced when this one source fails. But this picture does not fully represent the intensity of the suffering now felt by many families. Few persons in the middle ranks of life abstained from investing in one or more of the numerous speculations which came forward during the last two years under the specious attraction of limited liability, and which promised to give ten per cent., and to exact only a few calls at distant intervals. The experience of the last six months may witness how well this promise has been kept. The interest has long ceased to be paid, but the calls go on in a geometrical ratio of acceleration. Money that was borrowed when money was easy to get has now to be repaid when it is all but impossible to borrow. The unfortunate shareholders who were told that they would never have to pay up 40 per cent. of their capital have now paid up 60 per cent., and are still dinning with the cry of "more." With half of their ordinary income taken from them, they have in many cases to provide fresh capital which will be as unproductive as if it were flung into the ocean. How many families of moderate means are at this moment casting their hundred a year each into an abyss from which not a particle of it can ever return! There is no help for it. To go through the Bankruptcy Court is out of the question, though the inducements which led them to speculate would afford a substantial justification for such a course. But pride, the dread of losing caste, and the dread of losing situations prevent many a struggling man from taking a step which would put an end to a lifelong burden. And so men go on, lavishing on "calls" the petty surplus that once went to buy an ornament for the wife or some amusement for the children, and selling out the only safe investments they have made at a depreciation of 30 or 40 per cent. This is the special and peculiar sore of the existing crisis. Not only are incomes docked to feed the rapacious leech of the share-market, but capital is sacrificed without stint or compunction. Every 100*l.* which the persecuted shareholder throws into the ravening maw of his cruel tyrant cost him from 130*l.* to 140*l.*; in a year or so this, the savings of years, must come to an end, and then how is the tribute to be paid? There will be but one resort—the Bankruptcy Court; and when he flings himself, an exhausted and beggared suppliant, at its altar, he will curse the false shame which forbade an earlier recourse to its protection, and urged him to pauperize himself and his children that he might satisfy the exactions of dishonest or deluded directors.

The picture we have drawn is not a special or a rare picture. It is only too general. Its main features will be recognised in numerous households. Unfortunately, these are precisely the households on which a crisis of this kind presses with overwhelming severity. Men with a realized capital of 100,000*l.* do not, generally speaking, take allotments in Limited Liability Companies which promise to pay 10 per cent. They wait till all the

calls are paid up, and the debentures paid off, and the affair is in good working order, and then they buy for 100*l.* what has cost men infinitely poorer than themselves 1,000*l.* or 1,200*l.* This is the way that money is often made, and, beyond all doubt, a great deal of money will be made in this way this year. It is the poor man, the professional man, or the public official, who wants to turn his 500*l.* or 800*l.* a year into 1,200*l.* or 1,400*l.*, who is caught by the gushy light of 10 per cent. To know, therefore, the extent of the suffering caused by the panic of 1866, it is only necessary to ascertain the number of persons possessing incomes which range from 500*l.* to 800*l.*, and to divide this by such a number as properly represents the normal proportion of sanguine enthusiasts to cool-headed sceptics in the money-market.

The prospect, as we have described it, is gloomy enough and sad enough. Nothing can be more melancholy than the contemplation of a hundreds of respectable families going down the hill, at an accelerated pace, to utter ruin; last quarter paying "calls" out of income; this quarter paying them by loans raised on the security of depreciated stock; next quarter paying them by the sale of stock still further depreciated; next year, having no more stock to pay with, and looking about with the air of despondency which stimulates resignation, for a smaller house in an obscure neighbourhood, where the necessity of keeping up appearances will wholly cease. Perhaps it is useless to suggest preventives of such a catastrophe. But at any rate the subject is worthy of consideration; and though we do not expect any one to adopt the whole of the remedies which we prescribe, their partial application may be found to be not wholly without value.

In State finance, economists have long come to the conclusion that, after all, there is no means of avoiding or paying off debt like saving money. All sorts of tricks and jugglery have been devised for evoking money out of a vacuum. Pretty and plausible as they are on paper, they have the one great fault of failing in practice. But one scheme there is which, though rarely tried, is never tried without success—that of saving. To save is to have. The money which is put by and locked up is money to the good. It will come forth when summoned. Formerly one might have recommended one's banker's as a tower of safety. Now, alas! *iniquam tuta fides*. The guardians of our treasure must themselves be guarded. Still, in the wreck of all things else, there is solidity and security in the Three per Cents. They alone preserve a dignified stability amid the convulsions of Tea, Coffee, and Finance Companies. They do not promise much, but they perform at least as much as they promise. The hundred pounds which they adopt into their family on the 1st of January is at least 100*l.* on the 31st December following. For no other investment can so much be said with unvarying veracity. To tell struggling men with small incomes, large families, and heavy calls, that they must put by certain hundreds of pounds in the Three per Cents, is very much like saying what one great English capitalist is reported to have said to another, "Always keep a balance of 100,000*l.* at your banker's." The advice is excellent; it is a pity that it should be so difficult to follow. Still the advice, not about the 100,000*l.* but about saving generally, is the only one (except that of going into the Bankruptcy Court) that can be given with any chance of being useful. Saving is, we admit, not easy; if it were, it would not be necessary to advise it; but it answers in the end, and is well worth trying. Where to begin? That is a practical question, to which we will endeavour to give a practical reply. The first economy must be in luxuries. There must be fewer cigars for the gentleman, and no superfluous trains for the lady. Expensive handkerchiefs must be foregone by the one, and expensive wines by the other. A man who is struggling to pay "calls" can have no need of claret at 10*s.* per bottle, nor his wife of lace at five guineas a yard. Then all the trumpery of what English cooks try to persuade themselves constitutes made dishes must be given up, to the sanitary advantage of all concerned. The humble cab must be substituted for the aspiring brougham of the lady, and paterfamilias must trudge to his office in an omnibus or his own shoe-leathers. The dress-circle must supplant the stall or private box; a cheap day at the Crystal Palace take the place of drives in the Park; the Popular Monday Evening Concert of the fashionable *matinées*; and a quiet excursion by railroad, in summer, of a whitebait dinner at Greenwich. A summer excursion cannot, out of consideration for the children's health, be abandoned; but the harpies of Brighton must be avoided like poison, and the costly discomforts of every metropolitan bathing-place postponed to the charms of some obscurer spot, where cleanliness reigns in harmony with economy. We need not say much about dress. No man who is fighting a battle with fortune cares about fashion, and for a man who is indifferent to fashionable tailors it is easy to be dressed both well and cheaply. The same remark applies more forcibly to female adornment. Useful and tasteful articles are not confined to the most expensive milliners in the most fashionable streets. There must be 30,000 wives and daughters of educated and respectable men in London who annually dress themselves on a tithe of the modest paternal income, and a woman who combines taste with thrift can always look like a lady without paying dearly for it. All this time we are assuming that the objects of our advice occupy a house no bigger than they absolutely require, and not more ostentatious in locality than becomes their means. If, however, an ill-starred ambition has tempted them in these respects, let them retrench at once. Let the high-rented house at the West End be given up for a less pretentious one on the heights of the Northern suburbs. Let the proud butler and the tall footman be cashiered; nay,

if circumstances require it, let the superfine parlour-maid and the abominable small Buttons be sent about their business. We would parody the satirist's maxim, and exclaim that the greatest blessing of poverty is that it enables people to escape from the thralldom of superfluous servants. If the victims of commercial distress could be persuaded to unbosom themselves, they would, we are persuaded, unanimously congratulate themselves on the experiment, to which misfortune had forced them, of dispensing with a number of persons who, under the name of servants, disguised the arrogance, the capriciousness, and the discontent of the most despotic and dissatisfied masters.

We have only one word to add, though it is almost superfluous. Those whom we are advising will hardly think, in the days of their adversity, of dabbling in bricks and mortar. Even in prosperity it is a form of folly which approaches closely to madness. At all times, house-builders, house-decorators, and house-agents are a class with which it is dangerous to have aught to do. They lie in wait for the guileless and the innocent, like the strange woman of whom the Book of Proverbs bids us to beware. Their tongues are tongues of deceit, and their bills are bills of unconscionable rapacity. Next to electioneering, a rich man can strike out no more easy and prompt method of getting rid of his cash than by building or repairing. And to a poor man it is the most rapid road to ruin which he can find without open disgrace. High as builders' charges have been, the prevalence of the operatives' strikes now makes them still higher and more intolerable than ever. With this counsel we conclude. A man who gives up wine, cigars, flunkies, and domestic architecture may not be on the high road to wealth; but he has some prospect of retrieving his fortunes, and, at any rate, he is acting as an honest man should act.

A CHANCERY LUNATIC.

THE admirers of Mr. Reade's novels are familiar with the opinion which he holds, that the law of lunacy is systematically made an instrument of oppression and wrong. Indeed, it would appear that this opinion is not held by Mr. Reade exclusively. There is, or was, in existence a Lunatics' Protection Society, which was got up by a gentleman who had been confined, as he considered wrongfully, in an asylum. Cases constantly occur in which it is alleged, not only by lunatics but by some of their friends, that restraint is cruel and unnecessary. Evidence is usually forthcoming in such cases that the person so restrained is, in the opinion of the deponents, rational and inoffensive; and, in fact, a person whom it would be rather pleasant than otherwise to have for an inmate of one's house. Such evidence may, at the time it is given, be difficult to explain or contradict, but it has happened before now that lunatics have become convinced of that lunacy which their friends have doubted, and have voluntarily returned to the very condition of restraint from which well-intended but mistaken efforts have delivered them.

The story of a protracted case of lunacy may almost always be told in two ways, and it may be interesting to take a case which lately came before the Court of Chancery, and look at it first from the popular and sentimental, and afterwards from the legal, point of view. Assuming as much as we can of the mental attitude of the sensation novelist, we will begin by stating that Mr. James Tovey, now aged thirty-eight years, was educated at Eton and Oxford, and afterwards at St. Bees' College, being destined for holy orders. In 1853, Mr. Tovey, being then twenty-four years of age, was residing for the vacation at Deal, where he formed an attachment to a young German lady. His father, Colonel Tovey, hearing of this affair, ordered him to London, and shortly afterwards placed him in a lunatic asylum in Epping Forest, where he remained upwards of three years. Whether he at that time showed lunacy only by falling in love with the young German lady, or by other and what signs, we are not informed. In 1856 he was removed to another asylum near Stafford, which is managed by Dr. Hewson, and he remained there about five years. Early in 1862 the trustees appointed by his father, who was now dead, acting under eminent advice, caused him to be removed to the private residence of a surgeon at Dover, where he enjoyed free exercise in the open air. After a year's trial of this mode of life it was considered expedient to relieve him from all restraint, and to allow him to reside with his sister, who, after occupying one or two temporary abodes, went to live, in October 1863, at Goring, in Oxfordshire. The life which he was permitted to lead at Goring seems to have agreed with him very well. He was almost constantly rowing on the Thames, which flows past the village, and he was very active in skating and swimming during the appropriate seasons. The inhabitants of Goring and the adjacent villages have testified that Mr. Tovey's conduct while he dwelt among them was quiet, harmless, and, according to their judgment, sane; and there seems to have been no reason why Mr. Tovey should not have been dwelling among them still, but, unhappily for this poor gentleman, his uncle died last year, and he succeeded to a large fortune, which caused the Court of Chancery to take an increased interest in the disposition of his person and estate. On February 24, 1866, Mr. Tovey was taken to the asylum kept by Dr. Hewson near Stafford, where he had been confined before. On March 4 following, his uncle died, and he became entitled to what may be called, in a new sense, *dammata hereditas* in the shape of an entailed estate amounting to about 2,000*l.* a year, and a sum of 60,000*l.* which had been accumulated for the purchase of other estates. On May 4 a Commission of

Lunacy was held at the asylum, by a Commissioner, without a jury, and without the presence of any lawyer on behalf of Mr. Tovey, and he was found a lunatic.

But the strangest part of this story is yet to come. On July 28 Dr. Hewson took a number of his patients, among whom was Mr. Tovey, to Scarborough, for the benefit of sea air and bathing. He was allowed to wander at his will all day, giving a promise to return at night. During his wanderings he met a lady. First he looked, next he raised his hat, and then he spoke. The lady did not repulse this overture, and why should she? Many flirtations, producing some marriages, arise at Scarborough; and if there is to be no beginning, it must be impossible to reach the desirable end. We believe that the correct thing is for the gentleman who seeks the introduction to make acquaintance with the lady's brother or other male friend, which may be done while bathing, or by offering or asking a light for a cigar. But if the lady has only female friends, it would seem that her admirer must keep his admiration to himself, and see her complete her month's visit and depart without having told his love, unless she should happen to drop her glove upon the Esplanade, or meet with some other accident which may justify interposition on her behalf without the previous ceremony of introduction. It appears that in the case under consideration the lady had a brother; so, if Mr. Tovey had been patient, he might have attained his object with strict regard to conventionality. But Mr. Tovey was not patient. He spoke to the lady, and she did not refuse to listen. But we know that little sins lead to great sins, and accordingly this lady, who had been less regardful than she should have been of the conventional etiquette of Scarborough, did not hesitate, a few days afterwards, to commit a contempt of the Court of Chancery. If a young woman does not fear either Mrs. Grundy or the Lords Justices, she is not likely to regard anything that we may say, and therefore we will say nothing. But the beginning having been made, Mr. Tovey proceeded rapidly to the end. He explained fully his position, and stated frankly that he wanted somebody who would take an interest in him and see him righted. The lady did not find that he was mad, but, on the contrary, thought him a very nice young man. Her friends approved the step which she resolved to take, and accordingly, on August 27, a marriage ceremony was performed between her and Mr. Tovey at Claremont Chapel, Scarborough. The bride and bridegroom spent the day together, but Mr. Tovey yielded to the obligation to return to his appointed place with the fidelity of the Ghost in *Hamlet*. At nine o'clock in the evening he rendered himself at Dr. Hewson's house, and next day he was taken back to the asylum in Staffordshire, so that he saw his bride no more. A secret correspondence was kept up between them for some weeks, but it was afterwards discovered and stopped. The lady's friends, acting on the authority which they allege themselves to have received from Mr. Tovey, have presented a petition to the Lord Chancellor asking that the finding of Mr. Tovey lunatic by commission may be superseded, or, at the least, that his condition may be ameliorated by removing him from the asylum, and restoring him to that enjoyment of air and liberty which was allowed at Goring. They produce evidence of clergymen and other respectable persons, among whom Mr. Tovey had dwelt upwards of two years, to prove that he is not mad at all, or at any rate that his madness is neither dangerous nor disagreeable; and they urge against restraint the argument which has often been urged before, that to put a man into a madhouse is enough to make him mad.

All readers will probably agree that they have now had laid before them the outlines of a story excellently adapted for embellishment by an artist of Mr. Reade's school. Some readers are probably indignant at the treatment which Mr. Tovey has undergone, and expect to be informed that the Court of Chancery has ordered his release. But the Lords Justices, before whom the petition came last week, not only did not accede to it, but testified a strong inclination to do what may be figuratively described as wiping their boots in it. And it is proper to say that the Court had good legal reasons for what it did. The evidence of inhabitants of Goring as to Mr. Tovey's sanity was answered by the remark that there never was a disputed case in which such evidence was not forthcoming. Delusions may exist which justify the imputation of insanity, and yet the alleged lunatic may mingle in social intercourse without betraying that he is possessed by them. The Court, when called upon to decide between such evidence and that adduced in support of a Commission, may either examine the lunatic itself or may appoint for that purpose a physician of eminent skill who is above suspicion of partiality. In Mr. Tovey's case the latter course had been adopted, and the Lords Justices stated that the physician's report satisfied them of his insanity. Whatever else may be said of the jurisdiction exercised over lunatics in Chancery, it must be admitted that the distinguished judges who exercise it are actuated by a conscientious desire to do right. They must either proceed by the light of their own intelligence, or they must seek the best assistance which the medical profession can supply. The popular belief that what are called mad-doctors will prove anybody to be mad is not destitute of foundation. But the Lords Justices can only take medical science as they find it. There is, however, no difficulty in crediting the statement that Mr. Tovey showed himself a month ago to be indisputably mad. The only question is whether, if he was only disputably mad when he lived at Goring, it might not be better that he should be allowed to live there again. The technical answer to this question is that

the Committee of the lunatic's person is the proper judge of matters relating to his health and comfort, and unless it could be shown that the Committee had misbehaved or was unworthy of trust the Court would not interfere. A petition presented in the lunatic's name by friends of the lady who had ventured, in defiance of the Court, to go through a ceremony of marriage with him, was not, strictly speaking, entitled to be heard. Such persons could have no proper *locus standi* before the Court. It was urged that, whoever asked for the lunatic's enlargement, the Court ought to grant it in the hope, which experience showed to be well founded, that his mental and bodily health would be improved. But the Court answered that there was small encouragement to allow liberty, seeing how it had been abused at Scarborough.

The conclusion of the Lords Justices is, from their point of view, irrefragable; but it may perhaps be permissible to draw attention to some considerations which appear applicable to cases of this kind, although they are not dreamed of in the philosophy of Lincoln's Inn. We will venture to ask whether that which was done at Scarborough was really so very shocking as a Lord Justice thinks it? May we be allowed, without disrespect, to hint that possibly the lady before-mentioned could manage Mr. Tovey better than the Lord Chancellor and Lords Justices, with the help of the Masters in Lunacy, secretaries, and clerks? It may be that for this purpose a bonnet covers more true wisdom than any number of full-bottomed and other wigs. We have not before us the medical opinions given upon Mr. Tovey's case, and therefore we shall not presume to form any decisive judgment on it. But we can easily suppose a case which is technically one of insanity, but which, under judicious management, might pass from the cradle to the grave as one of eccentricity or infirmity of character. If a young gentleman who is not very strong in the head falls in love with a young German lady who plays seductively upon a cithern, and if the young lady is willing, and the young gentleman's friends can afford to allow them a maintenance, by all means let them marry; and it is probable that during their joint lives the world will hear nothing about lunacy in the gentleman. But parental authority interposes, and makes all the son's future life miserable. And when the father's control terminates by his death, the Court of Chancery steps into his place, and with the best intentions, and acting upon established rules, makes the son's last state more wretched than his first. The proceedings in the matter of a lunatic who has a large estate are conducted with all the solemn and cumbrous formality to which English lawyers are so devotedly attached. Such proceedings are profitable to the practitioners concerned, and beneficial to the lunatic's heir-at-law and next of kin, for whom his estate is preserved and augmented, and the only person who suffers under them is the lunatic himself. There can be no question that the Court does its best according to its lights and the powers at its command, but it is easy to conceive a case in which it might heartily be wished that the Court could have let the lunatic alone. The unfortunate Mr. Tovey seems to come near to realizing that case which has been sometimes treated as impossible—namely, the case of a man who has been undone by having a large estate left to him. One of the clerical deponents whose affidavit was read to the Court stated that during Mr. Tovey's residence at Goring he regularly attended the afternoon services in the church of the adjoining parish of Stoke, as also the services on the Saints'-day evenings in all weathers, "and for these and other reasons he appeared to me to be a devout and religious man." There are perhaps people who consider that a man who goes to church on Saints'-days gives *prima facie* evidence of his insanity; and such people may possibly feel thankful that Mr. Tovey, being immured in an asylum, is protected against indulging a tendency which seems to have existed in his mind towards litualism. It was gravely propounded on one side as evidence of insanity, and denied on the other, that Mr. Tovey put on board his boat a large image of the Virgin Mary, and rowed it up and down the Thames. But if such evidence could suffice to prove madness, sailors of the South of Europe are, and always have been, mad. Another deponent, who was chief constable and parish officer of Goring, stated that he had been out boating with Mr. Tovey on the Thames, and went with him to the Wallingford regatta. "He rowed me there and back." If Mr. Tovey had been a dangerous lunatic, the worthy chief constable and parish officer would have been in a position calculated to excite lively anxiety in the minds of all inhabitants of Goring. The same deponent says that during all the time he knew Mr. Tovey, which was nearly three years, he always found him to be quiet and orderly. "He never got into any trouble or disturbance, and I never heard him use any violent or bad language." Another important feature in the case was that the only act of violence which was distinctly alleged against Mr. Tovey was one which might very easily have been committed by a perfectly sane man.

It would show very small acquaintance with the character of mental disease to argue from such evidence as has been quoted that the finding of Mr. Tovey's insanity by the Commissioner ought to be set aside. But it is possible that, if Mr. Tovey's rich uncle had not died, he would at this moment have been occupied in aquatic amusements on the Thames on week days, and in going three times to church, at Goring or adjoining parishes, on Sundays. The Lords Justices stated that 700*l.* a year is now allowed for Mr. Tovey's maintenance, and that they were satisfied that nothing could be done for his comfort and happiness more than is done at the asylum. It may be assumed as probable that, if Mr. Tovey were allowed to live at Goring as little cared

for by the Court as in the days when he was comparatively poor, the sea-nymph whom he met last autumn would become a river-nymph. The result here indicated is doubtless shocking to propriety, and we are quite sure that the wig of any Lord Chancellor, past or present, would stand on end at the bare thought of it. But perhaps the system over which those learned dignitaries preside is a little too elevated and spiritual for the capacity of average human nature. A lunatic cannot marry, and society would call his cohabitation with a woman by an ugly name. There are infinitely various forms and degrees of lunacy, and we must once more guard ourselves against being supposed to pronounce an opinion upon the case of Mr. Tovey. But that case suggests that it is possible for the Court of Chancery to take a man who has a large fortune, and is in the prime of life, but a little touched in the head, and make a monk of him; and then report to itself that the comfort and happiness of the lunatic have been effectually provided for at an expenditure of 700*l.* a year.

TURRET v. BROADSIDE.

THE marked progress of opinion in favour of turret-ships has never been more strikingly shown than in the recent discussion of the subject at the United Service Institution, and yet there was much in the whole proceedings that had an obsolete savour about it. We do not at all mean to say that the whole problem is so completely solved as to leave no room for the useful discussion of many important details, or to deny that a good deal of new light was thrown upon the matter, both by Captain Cowper Coles and those who took part in the criticisms that followed his paper. But the keenly controversial tone of these semi-public debates does seem to us a little out of date, and the scene reminded one painfully of a ring of admirals and captains got together to witness the last set-to of the Turret Champion and the Broadside Bruiser. A little hard-hitting argument does no harm to any one, and we dare say Mr. Reed and Captain Cowper Coles would pull together after one of their encounters quite as well as they ever did before. But the mischief of these entertaining combats is that the really interesting question in what form a turret-cruiser ought to be built is lost sight of in the midst of a cloud of demonstrations that Admiral Robinson has blundered or Admiral somebody else has been misquoted, or that Captain Coles draws his pictorial illustrations with so kindly a feeling towards his turret-ships as never to let the waves deal too rudely with them, or the winds cant them over as a good fresh breeze ought, according to the adverse authorities, to do. For those who enjoy a smart contest, and know how to appreciate the skill with which two well-matched adversaries will put in telling blows, nothing could be more delightful than the recent discussion; and for a time this kind of thing was very useful, and indeed absolutely necessary to stir up public interest in a subject which the Admiralty had shown themselves not much disposed to take up without some of that firm but gentle extraneous pressure which forms the chief motive power of the venerable Board. But, unless we misread the signs of the time, this part of the work which Captain Coles virtually undertook when he presumed to invent an improvement upon the old-fashioned man-of-war is substantially completed. All prejudice may not be swept away, but we have at least arrived at a stage in the discussion when the turret principle is accepted in theory, by Mr. Reed himself, with something almost like enthusiasm; and the remaining task is to determine, by a careful consideration of existing models and a prompt trial of improved forms, the shape which the turret-ships of the future ought to assume.

It is a fact, acknowledged on all hands, that the model turret-cruiser does not yet exist. Some good little ships have been turned out from time to time capable of standing a heavy sea, and even of working their guns when broadside ships would gladly close their ports. But none of these are cruisers, in the sense in which the term is understood in our navy. Even such strange creatures as the *Miantonomah* may be made, with a little nursing, to cross the Atlantic; but a trip of a week or two is no proof that a ship can keep the seas for an indefinite time under sail as well as under steam, with her crew always healthy and the ship herself always prepared for a fight. This is what Captain Coles means the *Captain* to be, and the details of construction by which this end is to be achieved would have been worthy of a fuller explanation than they received when treated only as an episode in the long and now almost victorious suit of Turret v. Broadside. The American models have shown us with how much ingenuity some of the difficulties of *Monitor* construction may be overcome; but it is desirable for a cruiser to be able to supply her crew with air to breathe, by a process somewhat less complicated than the ventilation apparatus of the *Miantonomah*. How the requirements of ventilation, stowage, and accommodation are to be reconciled with the conditions of invulnerability and enormous offensive powers, the *Captain* is to teach us when finished some two years hence. And, so far as general outlines go, the principles of construction explained by Captain Coles are intelligible enough. It is now quite certain, from American experience, that the *Monitor* type of ship—that is to say, a turret mounted on a vessel with an extremely low free-board—affords by far the steadiest platform for the working of guns in heavy weather. *Monitors* sometimes founder, but it seems they never roll to any serious extent; the ugly *Miantonomah*, for instance, having never passed the moderate limit of seven degrees in heavy weather in the Atlantic. This is not a mere theory of the advocates of turrets, but is frankly acknowledged, as

we gather, even within the walls of the Admiralty. The value of such stability is not, and cannot be, exaggerated. On a recent trial of our principal broadside ironclads, an attempt was made at target practice in a seaway, and the result was that a few very wild rounds were fired, that the charges were sometimes washed out of the guns, and that the result arrived at was that it would be useless and dangerous to open fire under any circumstances from vessels rolling fifteen or twenty degrees, which is not an uncommon thing with most of our armoured ships. On the occasion referred to, it was acknowledged that one good sea-going turret-ship might have destroyed the squadron; but at present, thanks to past delays, we neither possess such a ship, nor have we any quite satisfactory examples to follow in the attempt to build her.

One of the great difficulties is to retain the admirable steadiness of the *Monitor* type in a ship which shall be roomy and comfortable, and at the same time have first-rate sailing and steaming qualities. The rough idea of such a ship, as far as mere space is concerned, is got at by adding a hurricane deck to what would otherwise be a simple *Monitor*; but more than this is needed to make a ship that can cruise, and even Captain Coles, with all his admiration for a low free-board, so far departs from the *Monitor* system in this respect as to add some three or four feet to the height of his vessel, independently of the hurricane deck. One great point of controversy seems to be whether this alteration will not sacrifice a good deal of the steadiness which is so highly prized. Mr. Reed seems to maintain that it will. He points to the capacity for rolling displayed by the *Wyvern*, in illustration, and insists that Captain Coles is wrong in carrying his armour-plating only five feet below the water-line, instead of six or seven feet, as is now thought desirable in broadside ships. The answer of course is that a ship that rolls fifty per cent. less than another may reduce the depth of her armour under water almost in the same proportion; and that, on this assumption, that the *Captain* will be less likely to be hit below her armour than the *Minotaur* or the *Bellerophon*. An additional advantage of a narrow belt of armour is that its thickness may be increased to a corresponding extent, and accordingly the protection afforded to the sides and turret of the *Captain* will be greater than any ship in the navy enjoys. All these advantages flow from the low free-board and the steadiness which this construction is expected to give; and this is at present a problem which ought to have been solved long since if our Admiralty had been less somnolent, but which still remains to be tested some years hence, when the *Captain* and her rival the *Monarch*, built in this respect on diametrically opposite principles, shall have been launched and sent to sea. It does not seem to be disputed that both vessels will give the requisite stowage and accommodation for their crews; and if the anticipated steadiness should be possessed by the *Captain*, she will probably hereafter be the model of a large section of the British fleet. The progress of the conversion of the Admiralty is satisfactory enough to promise that, by the time the *Captain* is finished, the Board will be infected, from the First Lord to the Secretary, with what was once deemed "the turret heresy"; and it is now almost more important to arrive at the very best type in all respects than even to bring those in authority to acknowledge by more abject confessions the merits already abundantly proved. A change of circumstances so material as the imminent conversion of the Admiralty to common sense may well justify a change of tactics; and, if it were not too much to expect, we should venture to express a hope that the Admiralty and Captain Coles may henceforth work together in perfecting the details of the turret principle, that nothing more may be said of the inexcusable neglect which has wasted so many years, and that Mr. Reed and Captain Coles may unite their great abilities in searching out a thorough solution of the whole question.

And this really involves much more than has yet been thought needful. We have two types of turret-ship now on the stocks—the *Captain*, and that huge fortress the *Monarch*. But even if each of these should be as entirely successful as her designer hopes, there are other forms of vessels needed besides cruisers of more than 4,000 tons. We want coast ships as well as sea-going ships, and, under modern conditions, there is every probability that the two classes must be kept to a great extent distinct. Then, again, small armoured vessels would be exceedingly valuable. As yet the attempt to build them has been made with only partial success, by Mr. Laird on the turret principle, and by Mr. Reed on the plan of a fixed central fort. None of these are fully up to the mark; and we cannot help thinking that, by importing into his design the turn-table and the moveable turret, Mr. Reed might arrive at something much more effective than his *Favourite* or *Research*. That either the twin-screw or water propulsion will be used in all the future small vessels of the navy seems to be almost settled, and, with the facilities thus obtained, it might be worth considering whether efficient gunboats might not be constructed capable of turning so rapidly as to render a pair of monster end-on guns without training almost as useful as if mounted in a turret. These and a multitude of other questions press for solution, and there can be no chance of arriving at the truth within any reasonable time unless the Admiralty is willing to give a fair trial to every promising method of construction, instead of concentrating its efforts on the attempt to prove that its old ways are better than the science of the outer world, which must sooner or later force its way even into the sacred Board-room. The antagonism so often seen between the Admiralty and naval inventors has been at least as much due to the obstinate conservatism of the

Board as to the impetuous eagerness of its assailants. It is surely time that this should cease, and that both sides should remember that it is more important to provide the country with ships that will keep her safe and triumphant than even to find a defect in an intrusive invention, or to hit a blot in an Admiralty Report.

TAILORS ON STRIKE.

THE wisdom of the East, speaking by the lips of the fabulist, has long ago declared the absolute indispensableness of tailors. The juggler dies of hunger when a famine arises in the land, in spite of his many ways of earning his bread; the tailor, although he knows but one, continues to thrive, for mankind cannot afford to lose him. But, all invaluable as he is, he seldom meets with an honourable recognition from society. An air of ridicule hangs about his calling, and renders his social position undignified. The antique pleasantry which denied him more than the ninth part of an ordinary man's merits has continued to haunt the successive generations of his race, sorry jests coined at his expense in olden days still retain their value to careless ears, and stinging witticisms launched against his calling centuries ago preserve undiminished their power to wound. The popular idea of a tailor is usually of an uncomplimentary nature—one to which the incapacity which may characterize individuals is allowed to give a general expression, and around which many an unfounded prejudice has wound itself unchecked. Such a state of feeling is neither laudable nor desirable. The number of journeymen tailors in London alone is to be counted by thousands upon thousands; yet, to the great majority of those who are superior to them in station, the fact of their existence conveys scarcely any idea beyond a vague impression of contempt. It is only now and then that they emerge from the depths of the great sea of London life, and, coming unexpectedly to the surface, make themselves visible in unfamiliar shape, to the astonishment of all spectators.

Such a spectacle is presenting itself to us at the present moment. On Easter Monday the journeymen tailors commenced a strike which may be of long duration, and which must be of serious injury to every one concerned in it. It is evident that neither masters nor men can fail to suffer from its effects as long as it lasts. It is equally evident that the public must undergo considerable inconvenience at present, and will probably have to pay its expenses in the end. It seems most unfortunate that there should be no means of averting such disasters, of procuring a satisfactory settlement of the disputes which must periodically arise between the employer and the employed, and of preserving the innocent consumer of an article from being made the victim of the quarrels in which its manufacturers choose to indulge. It is all very well in "New America" for two citizens who differ in opinion to seize their six-shooters, and settle the question by a free fight in a crowded street. In a young country much allowance must be made for the peculiarity of institutions. But in a land "of just and old renown," we may fairly expect to have disputes settled by peaceable means; and we are entitled to protest vigorously against an exposure to the risk of being deprived of our daily bread because bakers disagree, of being forced to go bare to the breeze when tailors fall out, or of being annihilated on a railway in consequence of a difference of opinion among the members of its staff. Surely it might be possible, rich as we are in legislative wisdom, and blessed beyond measure with dowager Chancellors, to contrive some sort of tribunal before which the contending parties might lay their complaints—some process by which the present heartburnings might be relieved, and their deplorable consequences averted. In almost all these trade quarrels there is, of course, a great deal to be said for both sides, if only there were some one in authority to whom to say it. Most of the partisans are, it is to be hoped, amenable to reason and willing to come to a fair conclusion, if they only knew how, even when their leaders are obstinate or selfish enough to wage war for trifles.

It is not easy for an outsider to settle which party is to blame for the present position of affairs. If we could detect the culprits, and could prove that their action had been altogether unprovoked and unnecessary, our condemnation of their conduct ought to be prompt and severe. If the men have made unjustifiable demands, if they have put forward groundless claims and false pretences, and, above all, if they have endeavoured to enforce extortion by unwarrantable intimidation, they are totally undeserving of public sympathy. Or, on the other hand, if the masters have dealt unfairly and disingenuously with their men, or have rendered negotiations impossible by harshness of tone or manner, they merit all the inconvenience and loss which they are likely to suffer. The only difficulty is to know which side we are to condemn; and, as regards the purely economical merits of the dispute, the question can only be determined by the same rule which justifies or condemns the grocer who raises the price of his congee. The public verdict on its moral merits will be governed by the respective demeanours of the parties. Each professes excellent sentiments, each claims for itself the credit of uprightness and sincerity. And of course each vehemently abuses the other. To some of the leaders of the people the masters appear in the light of "haughty tyrants," "unjust extortioners," and the like; and these compliments are occasionally reciprocated on the other side. At first, the behaviour of the men did some credit to their tact and moderation. At their public meeting on Easter Monday, the proceedings were carried on in a temperate and good-humoured

manner. It was evident that they really thought themselves unfairly used, and considered they were claiming what they were entitled to demand. And their appearance was strongly in their favour. The journeyman tailor has greatly improved of late years; he wears a more respectable dress, he is less given to drink, his expression is far more intelligent than it used to be. Those who remember the march of the journeyman tailors six abreast through the streets of London in the time of the great Reform agitation may recollect how rough and unshorn were the faces, and how many of the coats were out at elbows, of the men who filled the ranks of their army. To-day the passer by who sees little knots of loungers hanging about the neighbourhood of Regent Street recognises nothing particularly disreputable in their appearance, and, if he knows nothing of the strike, will probably never guess that they are sentries, watching every one who goes into the shops of the obnoxious tailors, and will wonder perhaps why such quiet places should be dotted with unfamiliar policemen. But while the appearance and manners of the journeyman tailor have improved, his position has, it is said, deteriorated. From various causes his labour has become less remunerative than it was, so much so that fathers will no longer bring up their sons to the trade if they can find them another opening. Few of the leading houses have had any apprentices of late years, so that the younger journeymen, instead of being adepts sprung from a first-rate school, are tyros who owe the little learning they possess to the unsatisfactory instruction of the "sweaters." There is an absolute dearth of good hands in the trade, and the difficulty which masters find in obtaining them is increased by the fact that the men have recently given up their houses of call—an excellent move on their part, if they contrive to substitute anything like a decent registry office for the discreditable pothouses in which they used to wait for work, whiling away, amid smoking and drinking, their weary hours of enforced idleness.

The men state their case plausibly enough. Last year, they say, for the sake of peace, they accepted the masters' "Log," that being the name given to the table regulating the length of time allowed for each piece of work. But they found it so unsatisfactory that they appealed to the masters to have it altered. At the same time they requested that it should be made uniform for the whole country, so that a workman should have the same time allowed him for making a coat in London as in Liverpool, at Brighton as at Birmingham. Uniformity in the rate of pay per hour was not demanded, for the men do not object to the present system by which first-class tailors, in order to secure superior workmen, pay higher wages than those of the second class, who of course can command only inferior skill. The men proceed to say that the masters assented to their proposition for a conference, and that proceedings were commenced in a satisfactory manner. Beginning with dress and frock coats, and going into every possible detail, an agreement was come to as to the number of hours to be allowed for such jobs—the number being 32½, which at 7d. an hour would give the workman nearly 19s. So far all went well, but the next day, according to the statement of the men, the representatives of the masters broke off all further negotiations, refusing to carry out the original arrangement to call in an arbitrator in case of dispute. The masters, however, entirely contradict many of these statements. They say that all the men want is more pay, and some of them speak of their "impudent" demands very much in the tone which Mr. Bumble assumed when Oliver "asked for more." At their meeting last Saturday a tone was adopted which cannot be called conciliatory; and their deliberate refusal to allow Mr. Druitt, the operatives' representative, to be present at a meeting which aimed at gaining the advantages conferred by publicity, appears to us, to say the least, extremely ill-judged. What would people think—and justly think—if a meeting of operatives were unanimously to decline a conference with the Chairman of the Masters' Association? Few of us are competent to decide problems in stitching over which tailors disagree. Such questions must, we repeat, be settled by the ordinary laws of trade, but we are all entitled to pass judgment upon the behaviour of the two parties. And if that of the masters has not been all that could be wished, that of the men is by no means free from suspicion. There seems to be, on the part of the latter, a leaning towards intimidation which cannot be too heartily discouraged by public opinion, nor, should it assume an overt form, be too resolutely dealt with by law. Their system of picketing is abominable, and, if persisted in, may but too easily lead to very deplorable consequences. What would people think, we ask again, if the masters were to set spies about the premises of other masters who decline to join their association? One of the speakers at a meeting held in the City said that "dishonourable men, and women too, will have"—here he paused for a moment—"what they deserve to have." The hint was ominous, and so was the tone in which it was conveyed. We hope the men are aware that if they resort to anything like violence they will find society and the law of the land too strong for them.

There are two good results to which the strike may lead, one of which is the general introduction of sewing machines into the trade. Their use would do away with many of the petty disputes now raging as to the right time to be allowed for "stoated edges," for "cuts in gorge or arse," for the "back-stitched pulls" of a gentleman's vest, or the "frisk in back of short skirt" of a lady's riding-habit, and for the countless other details minutely set forth in the "Amalgamated Society of Journeymen Tailors' Time Log." By their aid a hurried

customer may have a pair of trowsers made in a couple of hours, an employer will be able to undertake extra work with little difficulty, and the workman will find his pay improved and his long periods of wearisome stitching abridged. There are tailoring establishments in London in which the men work machines and avoid strikes. It is hard to understand why any of the great firms should be less successful in adopting a course so advantageous both to the employers and the employed. A second possible good result is an improvement in the condition of the women employed in the trade, especially in the East of London. Hitherto they have scarcely enjoyed any protection against the niggardly selfishness which is too often displayed by employers. In the present crisis their aid has become valuable, and both masters and men seem to be bidding for their support. It seems not improbable that the men will gain it, though it is doubtful whether their funds will prove ample enough to enable them to retain it. But in the meantime the courted tailoresses will be raised, at least to some extent, from the miserable position they now occupy. Before the Crimean war there were numbers of women employed upon military uniforms, who did not get as much as fourpence for making a pair of trowsers, and who could not possibly make more than two pair in a day. At present the same description of work is executed in a Government establishment, and the women employed upon it can make sixteen shillings a week. We hope that the civil war now raging among the tailors will bring about a somewhat similar result. Much also might surely be done by the men if, instead of setting spies to annoy or intimidate those of their fellow-workmen who prefer work and wages to idleness, they had the sense and energy to introduce into their trade the system of co-operation which has in many instances worked so well for the operatives in the manufacturing districts. In Paris the journeymen tailors are now making the experiment. There seems to be no reason why it should not be tried in London. Some feeble steps have already been attempted at various times in this direction, but, as they were taken rather in a philanthropic than in a practical commercial spirit, they have never made any great progress. A well-directed effort on the part of the workmen might achieve such a success as would put a stop, at least for many a day, to the disputes which are now paralysing their trade, and threatening to bring upon so many families a fearful amount of sorrow and suffering.

THE DEBATE ON PURCHASE IN THE ARMY.

IT is unfortunate that the army, with all its complicated interests and its immense importance, should not be adequately represented in Parliament. Measures vitally affecting its efficiency are frequently initiated by civilians, who also take a chief part in the debates; and under the influence of party feeling, or of that kind of patriotism which sometimes leads members precipitately in the direction of any supposed reform, a great many arguments are generally arrayed on each side which betray a very superficial acquaintance with the matter in hand. The army, seeing its affairs canvassed and itself criticized in this empirical fashion, responds not unannaturally with disdain and impatience, which are construed by its opponents into arrogance and defiance, and hence arises a state of feeling which is anything but conducive to a wise or expedient result.

The existence of Army Purchase in its present form is a matter which, in our opinion, concerns officers much more nearly than the public. Nevertheless, we find the question of abolishing it left almost altogether in the hands of civilians. Sir Charles Trevelyan has followed up the pamphlet noticed by us last week, by which he tried to prepare the minds of the public for the change that he thinks so desirable, by entrusting the advocacy of the measure in Parliament to his son. Mr. Trevelyan and those who took side with him mustered in formidable array the objections that exist to the present system. The holders of purchased commissions, they say, look on them rather as investments than as obligations to good service; and, going a step further, it is inferred that, the investment being notoriously, in a pecuniary point of view, a bad one, any little zeal and public spirit which might originally have had a share in impelling them to seek a military career is subsequently diminished by disappointment. The very inadequate rate of pay renders the supply of officers in great measure dependent on the inclination of men who have a private competence to enter the army; and when, from any cause, these are deterred, the supply falls short. The example of other branches of the public service is quoted to show that a system of promotion by seniority is not only feasible, but productive of excellent results. And it is assumed that, by introducing into the higher grades of the service a large infusion from the ranks, a great incentive would be given to a class of men far better than our present recruits to enter the army as private soldiers. It is from no bigoted predilection for purchase that we think its opponents failed to make out their case. These are not times in which to uphold as unobjectionable a system that renders money a main element in promotion to public offices of high importance; and if it were found that general corruption and incompetence were the result, not a voice in Parliament or the press could be lifted in its defence. But when objectors attach to the subject an exaggerated importance, and support their views by strained or false inferences, it is right to protest; still more so when it appears that they are not prepared to substitute for the present system another which

they can clearly describe, or the results of which they can make reasonably manifest.

Whatever may be said against purchase, there is indisputably this to be said for it—that it provides the country at an unreasonably, we might almost say disreputably, cheap rate with a body of officers whose quality in many respects is such as no possible alteration can be expected to improve. As was asserted by the solitary upholder of the character of our officers in the late debate, it would be difficult to point to a campaign in which they have failed to exhibit the spirit, efficiency, and zeal proper to their position. There seems to be an idea, and a mischievous one, floating vaguely about the regions of public opinion, that our regimental officers, if placed beside or opposed to those of Continental armies, would appear at a manifest disadvantage. This is ridiculously untrue. In all soldierlike qualities, in zeal and enterprise, they are equal to the best; in the respect and devotion they obtain from those they command, they are superior to any. This is a fact that will be apparent to anybody who considers the constitution of English society impartially—that is to say, with no prejudice against a marked distinction of classes and the influence of aristocratic spirit. In the work on the French army attributed to General Trochu which we lately reviewed, he strongly insists that the organization of armies should be in accordance with the spirit of their respective nations. It is in vain, therefore, to adduce in this case the example of the French, several generations of whom have now been subject to that levelling influence which took its origin in the revolt against a corrupt and oppressive oligarchy, and which erased the French nobility and gentry from the rolls of society. In the upheaval of the Revolution, merit forced its way upward in the Republican armies, as elsewhere in the nation, and the present system of appointing their officers, the necessary result of national organization and sentiment, is thus hallowed by great traditions. Such a system, excellent for them, would be quite inappropriate to us; and if the element imported from the ranks were largely increased it would end by extinguishing the aristocratic element altogether, since it would deprive the present class of officers of some of their main inducements to adopt the military profession.

In their virtuous repugnance to the idea of purchasing a public appointment, many seem to take it for granted that corruption prevails in the sale of commissions; and Mr. Trevelyan seemed to hint at such a belief when he introduced into the argument, as if it were a case in point, Samuel Pepys's account of how he bargained for a Government office. Corruption must mean one of two things—either that the purchaser of the post, and possibly the seller also, is benefited at the expense of the public; or else that men are permitted, for money consideration, to fill posts for which they are unfit. Nobody pretends that the buyers or sellers of commissions are engaged in a lucrative traffic, or get by their bargain more than their money's worth; and certainly nobody can maintain that the public suffers in pocket by these transactions, since the opponents of purchase proclaim as a necessary condition of its abolition a large increase of officers' pay. As to the alternative conclusion that incompetency is no obstacle to the holding of any grade in the army, those who have arrived at it seem to imagine that any person who pays down a certain sum is forthwith entitled to a commission. Many people who talk and write on the subject often seem ignorant of what everybody knows who wants to put his son into the army, that a qualifying examination must be passed—one, too, which is no sham, but as fair a test of education and capacity as can be desired—before a commission can be purchased; while the attainment of one without purchase is the result only of sharp competition at a military college. In the lower grades of regimental rank, proof of qualification is a condition of promotion; and though it would be absurd to say that in the army the best men get on most rapidly, yet we have at any rate such security as can be obtained against the advancement of persons who are notoriously incompetent if judged by existing standards of merit.

Those who prefer promotion by seniority point to the examples of the scientific arms of the service in proof of its expediency. But the cases are not similar, for the present condition of those corps is due to accidental and temporary causes. In a useful pamphlet recently published, General Lefroy has shown what are the inevitable effects of a long peace on seniority corps. Less than twenty years ago the older captains of Artillery and Engineers were men in the decline of life, and those of higher grades were approaching decrepitude. The impulse of the Crimean war, and the rapid augmentation of those arms, has brought officers, while comparatively young, into high positions; but for that very reason a most undesirable degree of stagnation must within a given period ensue, unless some judicious system of retirement be meanwhile put in practice. This being admitted, it is proposed, by those who would extend the seniority system to the whole army, to promote officers in certain proportion by selection on the ground of merit, and the navy is pointed to as an example of the feasibility of the plan. But it is forgotten that merit in the navy is not, or at any rate need not be, difficult of recognition. The requirements of the service in peace are in themselves the best training for the business of war. The sailor is always confronted by his eternal and implacable enemies, the winds and the waves. To struggle successfully with these demands discipline in the seamen, skill and faculty of command in the officers; and the man-of-war that is really ready for sea is ready for action. Any capable chief of a squadron must know, after a cruise, who are his best officers; and the merits of a

good officer, or the defects of a bad one, must be apparent to all who serve with him. Not so with the regimental officer. The standard by which he is judged in time of peace is but a very insufficient criterion of what may be expected of him in the field; and though this might be amended, yet it would be extremely difficult to devise any test so infallible as to be willingly accepted by competitors, or confidently exercised by authorities. As to the dictum uttered by the advocate of the motion before the House, that "it is absolutely necessary, in our small army, that every officer should be intelligent, zealous, and skilful in his profession," it is the sentimental dream of one who does not practically understand his subject. Of what profession that ever existed can this be said? or, to pass from professions to more restricted fields where selection and competition have their fullest influence, can the House of Commons itself, or even an average Ministry, be described truly in these flattering terms?

It was perhaps wise in Sir John Pakington to base his opposition to the motion chiefly on the pecuniary results of the proposed change—first, because even the versatile genius of that Protean Minister can scarcely as yet have rendered him familiar with the details of complicated military subjects; and secondly, because the financial argument was in itself sufficiently weighty for the purpose. When the first step towards a proposed change is a vote of millions, it is tolerably safe to predict that the House will prefer to let matters remain as they are. If we really had arrived at so earnest a conviction of the necessity of military reform as to be willing to pay so highly for it, the money might be expended to much better advantage in other ways; and, seeing that neither the country, nor the House, nor the army, nor the advocates of the proposed change, are ready to substitute a good practical system for that which exists, we think the failure of the motion matter of congratulation.

THE COMPETITION FOR THE LAW COURTS.

WHEN the exhibition of competing designs for the New Law Courts was first thrown open, we reviewed them with the intention, not of committing ourselves to any hasty decision, but of deprecating immature judgment on the part of others. We pointed out how great were the practical difficulties of the problem, and we gave that general praise which we conceived that the competitors, taken as a whole, deserved. We are, from further study, convinced that we then took the right as well as the unpretentious course. But we are also convinced that we should, at this stage of the competition, fail in our duty to the interests over which we strive in some degree to watch, if we did not, with the brevity which an article demands, offer some observations on the different designs from an architectural point of view. We have not room to dissect their practical convenience, and we know well that there are sharp eyes continually at work on this task. Since the day on which the hanging of the drawings was completed, measurers and extra-measurers, committees and subcommittees, have day by day been sitting upon the plans, poising and tabulating practical results, until it is almost to be apprehended that a sum total will be presented to the judges like the solution of a very complicated problem in some high branch of mathematics, as the decision which they will be expected to accept, regardless of any question of the artistic value of the designs.

It is our object to counteract, if we can, so narrow a conclusion of a great competition. We shall, when we come across them, point out the practical incidents appertaining to different designs; but, on the whole, we shall dwell most forcibly on their distinctive artistic expression, convinced as we are that the practical commodiousness all round of the different designs will probably be more on a level than the over-anxiety of the legal mind seems disposed to anticipate. A systematic examination of every portion of each of the architects' plans would be beyond our compass; and it would be trifling with our subject if we were to deal out epithets without showing cause why we employed them. We shall accordingly take each of the eleven designs in succession, and while we assign to it its character according to our estimation, we shall indicate such salient features as seem to entitle it to commendation or subject it to criticism. As we shall proceed to show, we have, after prolonged examination of the designs, arrived at a distinct preference. But, in having done so, we have equally learned to appreciate many excellences in the remaining designs.

Among these excellences we should in particular record the originality displayed in the composition of the various designs. Huge as the pile is to be, it is yet of a hugeness composed of a large but definite number of smaller component parts which, on the whole, were one by one prescribed to the competitors. They could not therefore avoid a certain general resemblance in their different schemes. But we are surprised and pleased to observe that the resemblance is not more close, and we are equally pleased to be at fault in discovering any special imitation of the outline of any existing building. No magnified reproduction of North European Town-hall or Doge's Palace cumbers the exhibition shed, no duplicate of Barry's Westminster Palace puts in an appearance. In one feature we thought for a time that the latter had given rather a direct hint to several of the competitors—namely, in the clock-tower. But on further reflection we were somewhat ashamed of our surmise, for—given, by the nature of things, a tower, which must be tall and thin, four big clock-faces, and a conical covering above—it is impossible to avoid a first false look of resemblance. We have praised

the originality of composition; we are equally inclined to praise the self-restraint with which the competitors have generally eschewed very long excursions into the field of originality of detail. We are profoundly impressed with the conviction that the development of Gothic detail may be boundless; but we have a no less certain conviction that it would have been nearly lunatic in the selected eleven, with such an enormous task before them, and so little time in which to do it; to risk the assured effects of their great masses by experiments in ornamentation which might be better, yet also might be worse, than the recognised forms. Several of the architects have indeed tried to naturalize the cupola. The result of their experiments is to convince us that, while it is exceedingly desirable to incorporate domical forms into our English Gothic, this incorporation must tend to, and be accompanied by, further modifications than the mere superposition of the cupola upon the rectangular masses of the antecedent architecture. The typical domes of Southern Gothic are, speaking generally, to be found at the intersection of cross churches. There, as experience has taught us, the dome fits admirably. But the experience has yet to be acquired how to make the dome gracefully overhang the central point of an elongated Gothic façade.

It is hardly necessary to repeat that the ground on which the Law Courts are to stand faces the Strand to the south and Carey Street to the north, and that it runs from about the line of the entrance of St. Clement's Dances to the west to Temple Bar (which will have to be rebuilt in conformity with the successful design) to the East. A tower or towers for the custody of records was recommended in the instructions, and forms a feature in nearly every design, while, with hardly an exception, each architect provides a central hall more or less spacious. The ground falls considerably from Carey Street to the Strand, and the treatment by the various competitors of this difference of level, on which we have not been able to enter, will, we have little doubt, be duly examined.

Mr. Abraham is not the competitor who will occupy us most at length, nor is he the one who is likely to engage the most serious attention of the judges. Yet, at the moment of the first assured success of Law Court concentration, there were, so rumour bruited, unmistakable indications of a strong intention on the part of a then undoubtedly powerful personage to place the great work, without a competition, in Mr. Abraham's hands. Such are the accidents on which the architectural value of great cities depends. Mr. Abraham produces a dome; otherwise his chief originality is displayed in the ingenuity with which he has managed to eschew almost every feature or detail which makes a Gothic building of 1867 superior to one of Hopper or Wilkins.

Mr. Garling entered the competition with the reputation legitimately won by his having drawn the first prize for the War Office with a design in the Louis XIV. modification of Italian. It is not therefore surprising that Mr. Garling should, alone of all the party, contribute an alternative proposal in what we imagine is the style of his predilection, built on the same lines, as they say in the dockyards, as his Gothic one. Unluckily, however, the self-imposed necessity of composing in two languages seems to have a damaging effect on both compositions; for while the proportions of the Gothic tender are unmistakably those of a composer accustomed to work from Italian models, the details of the rival alternative are of that peculiar Renaissance which sails as near the wind as possible in its imitation of Gothic in roof and break, and even in the adoption of a debased form of window tracery. In either edition, however, of his design, the author has striven to give a well-balanced and palace-like pile, with central tower and wings sufficiently supported. The only detail to which we think it needful to refer in the Gothic one is the needless exuberance of buttresses employed to mark off the bays, which is especially prominent in the front looking into the Strand, and which seems to have had its origin in the pedestals which replace them in the Italian edition. In his description the architect lays claim to having dispensed with a central hall; as, however, there is a long and spacious apartment with groined roof, aisles, and galleries, called the "Corridor," we are unable to recognise a more than verbal abandonment of that feature.

Mr. Lockwood has won much popular applause for his showy design. No doubt the Strand front is large and high, and with its lofty flight of steps, conspicuous portal, and aspiring central steeple, is drawn to captivate the unarchitectural mind. The ornamentation, too, is laid on by wholesale, with no very particular regard to general congruity. But the true Gothic spirit is the one thing wanting; the composition is stilted, and the details bookwork, applied as a schoolboy mixes Virgil, Ovid, and Claudian in a prize-composition. As an instance of the architect's judgment we may note that in the largest hall (for there are three) a huge hammer-beam roof is shown, framed in wood, with fillings of ornamental ironwork. No one who deeply felt architectural congruity would have dreamed of such a combination under those circumstances.

Mr. Deane's conception is pretty, but it is fantastic in its attempt to compass an originality above the inventive powers of its author. Fearful of producing too gigantic and heavy a mass, he has broken up the composition into several blocks, until it more resembles a mediæval town than a public building. From the centre of the main building looking to the Strand there springs, as in other designs, a steeple, but the spire itself is capped with a little cluster of needle-like spirelets, so grouped as almost to give the idea that the apex had split up under an over-hot sun. These are faults of

over-elaboration at the expense of solidity, while, by an unfortunate equipoise, the central hall labours under abnormal heaviness in a stone roof, in which the groining is carried by a petrified exaggeration of that hammer-beam construction which the exigencies of woodwork invented. A sort of precedent for this notion exists in Bristol Cathedral, but even there it is a caprice, although redeemed by the moderate width of the span and the gracefulness of the details. With this over-heavy roof and the ponderous galleries around, the hall wears almost the aspect of one of the rock-hewn temples of India. Still, with all these abatements, Mr. Deane has, as is his wont, imported much graceful fancy into his ornamentation.

In remarkable contrast to the design which we have last noticed rises Mr. Seddon's close compact pile, with its imposing altitude and gigantic tower. As is the case, with one exception, in all the designs, the main façade faces the Strand, and is, like most of them, capped by a central spire. But instead of presenting the horizontal cornice, which, variously treated, forms the sky-line of every other architect, Mr. Seddon distributes his façades into a sort of front building, of three stories high, in the immediate rear of which soars upwards a still more lofty pile, presenting to the street a range of a central block, gabling east and west, from which the steeple springs, supported on either side by wings distributed into five gables facing the street, with lofty chimneys, cutting each successive valley. The idea no doubt is in itself picturesque, not to say grandiose, but it puts itself out of court by its own bulk and complexity, besides being obviously taken from quasi-domestic models in which small material scale was compensated for by such variety of outline. The same may be said of the huge Record tower, which rises upwards some seventeen stories high, with a square plan towards north, south, and east; but to the west, with a contour which can only be described as a trefoiled apse, which is repeated in the steep roof that caps this tower. The same overbold grappling with gigantic dimensions is shown in the central hall, which is one vast groined apartment, in which a width of 80 feet with a length of 480 is to be spanned by a single vaulting. The detail throughout is, as might be expected from Mr. Seddon, of a bold, clear character. We only regret that he had not striven to be a little more commonplace. The exaggerations of his conception are just of the description to frighten practical-minded judges.

The next architect whom we shall mention has also given too free a rein to an exuberant and grandiose imagination. Mr. Raphael Brandon is well known for his intimate knowledge of the details of the purely English Gothic of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and his Law Courts confirm his well-earned reputation in that respect. Unlike the other candidates, he has thrown his chief strength into the western façade, which he has made the front of the building, while not neglecting to provide a well-balanced Strand front with two rich portals. On the western side two towers, disengaged except on their eastern faces, flank a detached porch, behind which the main line of the building is set back. Thick-set as these towers are with windows, they are divided on each face by buttresses into three central strips, each crowned with a gable, while angle turrets and a four-sided truncated roof give the sky line. But behind these structures stands the main building, and out of that main building, just in the rear of the towers, so as to be partially concealed by them, in full front view—and, if taken at any angle, to group with them—are two still loftier steeples, crowned with steep four-sided roofs, out of which, again, with the intervention of a louvre stage, spring pinnacled and crocketed spires. Right and left of this composition stands the façade, variously broken with bay and recess, and capped with many steeping roofs. The central hall, into which this vast portal opens, does not fall short of its dimensions, for its length is 365, and width 136 feet, with proportionate height. But these excessive dimensions are marred by a sad blunder in taste. The prodigious hall is in reality a cathedral, or rather the east ends of two apsidal cathedrals joined together in the middle, with arcade, procession-path, triforium, clerestory, groining—nothing wanting except the fittings needful for worship—and a general appearance combined of Westminster and Amiens. How Mr. Brandon can have so mistaken the spirit of the building on which he was engaged as to offer such a hall is past comprehension. Besides the damage which it inflicts upon his prospects of success, it has discounted, for an inappropriate object, a design which in its proper place might have been a very noble suggestion for a modern cathedral.

Mr. E. M. Barry, whose chief façade turns to the south, avoids the blunder of over-bulk by dividing his eastern and western blocks from the main building, while, in contrast with Mr. Deane's composition, sufficient connexion is given by a four-arched portal with open gallery above. The weak points of his elevation are the gables, flanking the central portion of the principal block, which too closely repeat the feature that has always struck us as the most unfortunate in the Houses of Parliament—namely, the gable which rises in the middle of Old Palace Yard building—and the absence of any defined middle point, whether portal or roof-break, to this central building, which is in itself too wide to be taken as such in the whole. In compensation, however, we must praise the light and shade of a ground-floor cloister. But the feature up to which the architect has evidently worked out his design is the group of five domes with which he has capped the central edifice. It is a pity that Mr. Barry did not restrict himself to the central one, and reconsider the juncture of the tambour with the horizontal

mass upon which it is raised; as it is, it looks too much like a Gothic edition of the dome of St. Paul's, somewhat accidentally placed upon a square substructure originally intended to carry a tower. The key to this composition may, we believe, be found in the internal arrangements of the Central Hall, in which an apartment square in the shell is converted into an octagon by huge constructional piers, carrying the dome, and pierced for mid-air galleries. These galleries have, we believe, an important practical use in serving as gangways for the public, who are cut off from contact with the lawyers, to whom the floor is reserved. Nevertheless, the pierings do undoubtedly give an unsolid and ungothic appearance to the whole conception.

Mr. Street is picturesque in everything to which he sets his hand, and this quality comes out conspicuously in his Law Courts. He boldly places his Central Hall nearer the southern than the northern line of his block, because it suits the general arrangements to do so, and he has the moderation to confine it within reasonable dimensions; while, with its straight east and west gables, it resembles the dining-hall of a college. But its internal planning, with its central row of shafts and its two groined aisles, is beautiful in its bold simplicity. The internal cloister courts are in Mr. Street's best style; and both alternative designs for the detached Record tower show great power, especially the one with the long big strips of vertical buttresses, from out of which the tall tower rises with a bold Flemish vigour. But with all its distinguishing merits, and with the beauty of the detail which, as coming from Mr. Street, we do not care to recapitulate, the design has one conspicuous weakness—it wants unity, and it is not a palace. The principal façade is that upon the Strand side, and if we study the design we find that, alone of all the competitors, Mr. Street has in his main front deliberately sacrificed regularity to picturesqueness. We are sorry for this choice, for we are clearly of opinion that herein an important art canon has been overlooked. The distinguishing merit of Gothic is that it can be irregular wherever irregularity is wanted, and that it suits classes of buildings which are only cribbed and cramped if fitted with a Grecian dress, while it beats all other styles in the facilities which it affords for adding on to an old building. Still, if Gothic can be irregular and noble, equally so can it be regular and noble also whenever common sense dictates regularity. We instinctively look for this regularity in the main front of the Imperial Palace of Justice, built at one time by one architect in a great capital; and in Mr. Street alone we miss it, well aware as we are that he could, if he had so chosen, have given us a thoroughly balanced composition.

There is no want of regularity in Mr. Waterhouse's Strand front. He has not only raised and brought forward the middle mass of the pile, but he has converted the central portion of all into a vast portal projecting forward with arched ground-story porch, lofty recessed loggia on the first floor and central gable, well flanked with roofs which would be almost towers if they were not so much longer from north to south than from east to west. This form is again repeated in the flanking "pavilions" of the central mass. In the general grouping, on the contrary, picturesque variety is studied in the four main and lofty towers—one crowned with a sharply pointed, another (the clock tower) with a truncated spire, while the two remaining ones intended for ventilation and the escape of smoke are topped, the one with an octagonal lantern, and the other with a sort of large chimney perched on a truncated octagonal capping. These towers have been much criticized, but we think not fairly. They are decidedly real, and tell their own tale, while their shape is dictated by their use. Another noteworthy feature of Mr. Waterhouse's plans are what are somewhat prosaically called Equity Street and Common Law Street—private carriage ways running east and west—in which he has, on a large scale and with the help of iron, carried out some picturesque effects clearly borrowed from the overhanging timber houses of the middle ages. A large half-underground gangway for the general public is also very commendable, and so it is said are the practical arrangements, as might be expected from one who had learned his lesson in the Manchester Assize Courts. But there is a part of the design, and that one of its principal elements, at which we must express our great disappointment. The ill-luck which has in various degrees signalized the treatment, on the part of each competitor, of the Central Hall has culminated in Mr. Waterhouse. Inappropriate as may be Mr. Brandon's cathedral, it is, apart from its destination, a laudable architectural composition. But Mr. Waterhouse, in his desire to be original, has presented us with that of which we are glad to think the prototype nowhere as yet exists. The sides of the hall are broken up into what we can only call so many private houses, complete with street fronts, entrance-doors, and sunk areas, and broken up with details, each house representing some different Court or office, and over the whole is turned by way of a roof a huge curvilinear expanse of glass—a Crystal Palace, in short, made Gothic with its iron framework, while actual bridges span the area for the particular use of judges and of counsel.

Mr. Scott's Strand façade has a general resemblance to that of Mr. Barry, but, instead of the gables which the last-named architect offers, the central block is more boldly flanked with small steeples; while the mass itself projects so as to double the depth inside of the recessed cloister which forms the ground-floor of the entire front. Moreover, the two side divisions of this central façade are of two bays breadth, while the central one is of three, and is so treated in its ornamentation as to show that under-

neath it stands the main entrance. The flanking wings—which, as in the design of Mr. Barry, are detached from the main pile, but tied to it by connecting-bridges—are, we think, by the successive chimney stacks, made to look rather too much like blocks of street houses; while that to the west is varied by the addition of two somewhat naked and unrelieved towers appropriated to the custody of the records. Graceful richness and scholarly proportion are the prevailing characteristics of Mr. Scott's conception. The ornamentation, which is of that refined type founded on a compromise between Southern and Northern Gothic, which Mr. Scott has made his own, is evenly distributed over the entire pile. In one respect, that of statuary, we think there is a tendency towards exuberance. A statue against a pier here and there is very telling; too often repeated it may weary. Mr. Scott offers alternative treatments of the Central Hall. One, which he apparently prefers, is octagonal, and covered with a dome recalling the outlines of that which crowns Pisa Cathedral. We may add that this form of dome appears rather frequently in the design, and marks the limit of the eclecticism with which Mr. Scott treats Gothic in this design. This Hall rises out of an oblong space, the four angles being filled with open courts. But Mr. Scott also offers an alternative oblong Hall, in which a curved glass roof over all, and openings in the floor, enable him to include the entire parallelogram under cover. The form of the roof in this design, and the proposed decoration of the end wall—large fresco or mosaic panels, divided by transverse lines—give to the sketch something of the effect of a *chasse* turned inwards. In execution, no doubt, this notion would disappear; and upon the whole, supposing the glass roof to be dispensed with, we are rather inclined to prefer the alternative treatment. The domical hall is a beautiful composition in itself, but it does not somehow fit the general building.

The eleventh competitor, Mr. Burges, neglected to hold out to the unlearned the help of any perspective drawing, and as the bird's-eye view which he substituted happens to present in exaggerated prominence the somewhat military capping of his principal tower, his design was at first received with less than its due share of general approbation. It is, however, a composition which, the more it is studied, the more it will assert its solid excellence, for it combines force in the conception, proportion in the outline, and moderation in the scale, with a dignified beauty of detail equally distributed over the structure. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Burges's style are aware that massiveness has been heretofore his forte, and that accordingly the type on which he has chiefly worked has been the Early French Pointed. In this latest work of his matured powers, while the force after which he has always grasped is unabated, the massiveness has been subdued, and a fancy always fertile has conformed itself to all the requirements of practical common sense. The idea on which Mr. Burges has cast his general plan is that of distributing the different tenants of the courts, and allotting to them respectively four entrances at the different corners, with a moderate central hall at which the judges can meet, but not the public, who are in his opinion more likely to trouble the course of justice than to do any great good to themselves by being encouraged to frequent the penetralia. This view of the requirements of the case has of course ruled Mr. Burges's treatment of his interior block; but it has no essential connexion with the exterior elevation. If the large hall be after all needful, Mr. Burges might provide that hall, and yet the Strand façade might remain almost unaltered. It is indeed one of the merits of his design, that without one general approach he has found the means of endowing that front with a sufficient centre and yet of receding, without offence to the eye, the western wing of this line. Compared with the other designs, the Strand façade is not of any exceeding elevation, being but three stories high, besides an attic charged with large rich dormers of stone. The ground story in its eastern part is an arcade with circular pillars, the second floor has an arcaded range of two-light windows, with sexfoiled heads deeply recessed with shafted piers between and sculptured spandrels, while the third floor is a continuous arcading of lancet arches borne on shafts, each adjacent three arches being open for windows, and the intermediate two filled up with statues. The central mass projects with three bold arches to the street, the middle one not quite so projecting as the rest, forming the portal with a rich composition of sculpture above, under a boldly pointed discharging arch, while each of the others forms the ground story of a tower, which, as it clears the roof line, becomes circular and carries a conical roof rising over a bold circlet of machicolations. A similar pair of towers is also shown on the Carey Street line, and a broad apse-like projection relieves the western flank. The Record tower, which is the most conspicuous feature of the bird's-eye view, stands at the south-west angle, nearly opposite St. Clement Danes Church. Whether the somewhat military capping of this tower be popular or not, it is a bold and solid mass in itself, while the retention or retrenchment of so isolated a feature can have no weight in the decision upon the claims of the design as a whole. It must not be forgotten that, as the general history of European Gothic teaches, belfry-machicolations may be considered as having, in the maturity of the middle ages, become the type rather of civil or non-ecclesiastical than of purely military architecture. Certainly in Italy they are so used, and therefore we conclude Mr. Burges has adopted them as well in the towers we have noticed as in the smaller clock tower which occupies the south-east angle, and presents a free and Anglicized translation of those simple but majestic town towers which characterize the cities of Northern Italy in the best

days of Italian Gothic. This clock tower forms the abutment both to the main building and to the new Temple Bar. This archway has evidently been a subject of some difficulty to the competitors. They most of them offer a gateway, with or without side arches for foot passengers, capped with an arcaded upper story, graceful in itself, but not attempting to fuse with the main building. Mr. Street's outline, relieved by a central triptych-like group of sculpture, is among the best. Mr. Lockwood's iron bridge, and Mr. Abraham's eccentric staircase leaning like a ladder against the wall, are decidedly the worst. In Mr. Burges's hands Temple Bar becomes an integral portion of the pile. As we have said, he has kept his entire elevation low, and so he is able to return the attics, and to add dignity to Temple Bar itself by the introduction of three stone dormers in continuation of those in the roof, but spaced with due regard to their particular position. The arcade which forms the uppermost floor also returns at its normal level, every lancet in the Bar being represented as containing a statue. The whole is carried by a bold segmental arch spanning the street, and abutting against a shorter tower to the south. We cannot here enumerate other features of this design. The only fault which has been alleged against it is in the introduction in the towers of elements of composition which might by their defenders be assumed to symbolize the growth of English law through the long ages of feudalism, and therefore not less appropriate to a palace of English justice than details, however beautiful or convenient, borrowed from church or railway station, but which, if disapproved of, may easily be taken away. There will still be left a very original composition of great breadth and balance, of palatial dignity and scholastic repose, carried out with details as correct in their proportions as they are rich and beautiful in their effect. If, as we have little doubt, Mr. Burges's internal arrangements are, or can be made, convenient for the administration of justice, the judges of the competition would do well to close with a design of such undoubted excellence.

PICTURES IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

IV.

CONSIDERING that the space at our disposal for a notice of the pictures in the Universal Exhibition was, in proportion to the vastness of the subject, exceedingly limited, we had determined to offer rather a synthetic view of the condition of contemporary European schools than a detailed criticism of their products. To do this, however, it was necessary to be able to refer to any picture in the whole Exhibition which for the moment might best serve as an illustration of the doctrine we wished to advance; and to this we found two insurmountable obstacles—first, the total absence of a catalogue for a whole week after the opening, and, secondly, the incompleteness of the catalogue when it did appear, an incompleteness which continues to this day. It is not possible for a critic to guess at the title of a picture with any certainty of hitting upon the title chosen by the artist, and it would require an absolutely perfect knowledge of all the events of history, and of all the scenes on the surface of the earth, to discover the subjects of all the historical pictures and landscapes in so vast a collection as that in the Champ de Mars. The purpose of this series of papers has been to a great extent frustrated by the want of a complete catalogue. If we had had space for a criticism of the whole Exhibition with something approaching to detail—a criticism which would have filled a couple of thick volumes—we might have begun by noticing English pictures already known to us, and proceeded gradually along the circle of the schools, working patiently as we best might till the authorities, in their own good time, issued a serviceable catalogue, and reserving all comparative and synthetic views for the conclusion of the whole. Our aim, however, was not so extensive; we intended to devote four articles to a comparison of the schools, and have been reduced to simple notices of a few pictures and painters. The Continental school which interests us most, after that of France, is the Belgian school, and it is well represented in a separate gallery of its own, outside the Exhibition building. Attracted by the excellence of the pictures there, we have passed many hours of enjoyment, embittered by the fact that the Belgian pictures are not even numbered yet, and that there is no catalogue of them whatever. We cannot refer to them without the most tedious descriptions, and are therefore practically debarred from taking any estimate of the school; the pictures are there, we have spent time in studying them, they cannot be omitted in any complete view of European art, and yet we are prevented from speaking about them. Baden has sent an interesting little collection, and as Baden appears in the official catalogue, we hoped to find the titles of the pictures, but after some attempts it appeared that all the numbers were wrong, and some of the best works were altogether omitted. A complete little catalogue of this part of the Exhibition had, however, been nailed in the doorway by some considerate official, and people who, after going through the usual process of fruitless search, and suffering the usual disappointments, still have patience enough to continue their investigations, may refer to this catalogue *one at a time*; and as there are often ten or a dozen visitors waiting for their turn, the reader may imagine how expeditiously an art-critic gets through his work. As this little nailed-up catalogue was in print, it seemed possible that a copy of it might be procurable, but the catalogue-sellers in the building have not had it supplied to them, or at any rate know nothing about it.

A large quantity of pictures, chiefly in the Italian school, are not yet numbered, and the names of some artists who exhibit are not to be found in the catalogue. The catalogue is sometimes alphabetical and sometimes not; when the compilers have not chosen to follow the alphabetical method at all, and when there is no number on the picture to guide one, it becomes necessary to read the catalogue of that particular school entirely through every time that a picture seems to deserve notice, or at least until the name of the painter occurs. Even this, however, pre-supposes that the signature of the painter on his picture is visible and legible, that it is not a monogram, and that the picture is hung low enough for it to be seen. When the same artist has sent five or six works—or, as happens in many cases, still more—it is not always easy, especially in the case of landscapes, to determine which title belongs to the particular picture in question. All these difficulties cause much loss of time and temper, and, in addition to the hindrances we have already sufficiently spoken of, must materially increase the fatigue even of ordinary visitors who have no especial purposes of study. This question of fatigue is one of unusual importance to students of art, because it affects their justice as regards others, and their power of acquisition and improvement as concerns themselves. When the student is also a writer, it becomes a positive duty to protect himself from a kind of weariness which makes him incapable of seeing rightly long before it reaches muscular fatigue. In an Exhibition like this immense collection at Paris, the freshness of the eye is lost in so short a space of time that we cannot better serve the true interests of art than by saying a few words about it here.

Pictures in an Exhibition destroy each other in various ways. A work is conceived by the artist in a certain pre-determined order of ideas, and it cannot be understood at all unless the spectator can get himself into a condition of feeling in sympathy with that of the painter. If the picture is in a room by itself, and if the spectator has seen no other work of art that day, or, still better, if he has not seen any other picture for a few days previously, it is possible for him, supposing him to possess the necessary faculties and information, to enter readily into the intentions of the artist and do him full justice; but if, on the other hand, the picture is surrounded by many other works, conceived in other orders of thought, it is only by the greatest effort that the spectator can sufficiently isolate himself to share the spirit of the work before him. Ordinary visitors do not seem to be aware of this, for they evidently do not attempt to disengage themselves from the works about them. They walk slowly through the rooms, seeing generally about twenty pictures at once, and stopping occasionally for a space of time varying from one second to thirty, but hardly ever reaching one minute, before some work that attracts them. If they really made the effort to put themselves into unison with every picture they look at in this way, the physical and intellectual wear and tear of such rapid transitions would be quite enough to bring on serious illness, and a fortnight of such work would place them in the hands of their medical advisers. What really happens is not so much at the expense of the spectator's health as at the expense of his culture. The more he sees, the less he learns. The larger the Exhibition, the smaller the benefit brought away from it. There is a way of using a great Exhibition of this kind which we venture to recommend. It is a good plan to decide beforehand which artists are to be studied on this or that day, and they should be so selected that the transition from one to another may be a natural transition, or else an intentional contrast. Having decided on the artists to be studied—and they should not exceed half a dozen, one or two being generally quite as many as a student who really works can digest in twenty-four hours, the visitor will do well to arrange his time so as to leave a full interval of half an hour after each painter; and the best way to employ such intervals is the way which leaves the artistic sense to the most complete repose. In the Paris Exhibition there is nothing more efficacious for the purpose than the mechanical inventions, because utility is their only object, and beauty is not to be thought about in connexion with them. In this way some freshness of sight may be preserved in spite of the crowd of pictures.

The choice of the artists to be studied on the same day ought to be regulated with one object only—the full appreciation of them. This object may be served in two opposite ways—by associating related works, in different schools, or by contrasting works executed on opposite principles. If this is done wisely, a certain definite amount of knowledge will be acquired, and that knowledge will remain as so much capital in the mind. Since the full appreciation of any painter is impossible without an understanding of his position relatively to other painters, it is necessary to connect him, in our studies, with the painters he descends from, or belongs to, in a filial or fraternal relation. This involves great labour, and constantly requires us to study artists over and over again, first to ascertain their personal qualities, and afterwards their position in art history. It is on this ground that the criticism of foreigners often falls so wide of the mark. We may find qualities new to us in works which a better acquaintance with the history of art in the country that produced them would prove to be mere reflections or developments of other men's ideas; and we may praise the artist as a discoverer of new truth, when in reality he is little else than a repeater. The idea that in order to judge of an artist it is enough to see a few of his pictures is one which could take possession of none but an incompetent critic. Even what seem to be personal qualities are often so wholly relative

that our estimate of them is liable to continual correction as we reach a better understanding of the artist's position in his own school. But since general views on art are not attainable without a previous knowledge of detail, we hold that it is always necessary to study pictures, and to do this we must intentionally isolate them. By isolation first, and philosophical connexion afterwards, the true character of pictures may often be ascertained. The world in general neither isolates them nor connects them.

These reflections have occupied the greater part of the space left to us, but it did not seem possible to occupy it better if our object was to enhance the reader's enjoyment of the pictures in the Paris Exhibition. It is impossible at present, for reasons already given, to offer any synthetic view of the condition of European schools, and we cannot do much in these columns towards any detailed description of individual works. The Exhibition is so immense, and the really good things are so numerous, that a simple catalogue of them would fill four such articles as this. We have still room, however, for a few observations which may be of use.

The strongest Exhibition is of course the French, but it is not of equal strength throughout, being weakened and disfigured by occasional excesses of false taste, though these are proportionately rarer in French art than they were formerly. Amongst the new names Bonnat deserves our most respectful mention, in spite of a Spanish tendency to blackness, which is carried to a still greater excess by another skilful Frenchman, Ribot.

After the French Exhibition comes the Belgian one. It is, on the whole, the most entirely good modern exhibition of pictures we ever saw. It is not overwhelming in quantity, and the selection must have been severe for the quality to be so uniformly high. The three artists best represented are Leys, Willems, and Alfred Stevens.

The worst Exhibition is that of Portugal. It is astounding. It is the worst public exhibition of pictures we ever saw, except the "*Salon des Refusés*" in 1863.

The English gallery may fairly claim to rank after that of Belgium; but English pictures are never agreeable in large masses, because our artists are so strongly individual that their works hurt each other much. The English gallery is like an orchestra every member of which is playing a different tune, but the players are, separately, very skilful executants.

We have been agreeably surprised by the Spanish Exhibition, of which our expectations were not great. Let us especially mention Palmaroli's magnificent picture, "*Sermon à la Chapelle Sixtine*."

The Bavarian Exhibition is strong in some points, but not in ambitious historical painting on a great scale. The finest work here, to our feeling, is Piloty's "*Death of Cæsar*." It is a most admirable composition, full of unity and breadth, and painted with supreme skill.

The Belgian, Bavarian, and Swiss Exhibitions have separate buildings of their own, in the garden. The Swiss Exhibition happened to be closed, during the days we had reserved for it, in order to paint the floors and let the paint dry—a useless expenditure, as we do not go to a picture exhibition to look at a painted floor; but this is exactly like everything else about the Universal Exhibition, which is not yet in a condition to be opened, even at the end of a month after the official inauguration. The Swiss Exhibition was only like most other constructions in the garden, which usually bear one of the following inscriptions:—"Le public n'entre pas," "Entrée Interdite," "On n'entre pas ici," "Défense d'entrer."

The Swedish and Norwegian Exhibitions are both headed by a Royal contributor, King Charles. We regret not to be able to say anything very favourable of his landscapes, but we applaud his love of nature. As an artist, King Charles seems too unhesitating, considering his stage of progress; his work is not thoughtful enough, not tentative enough, not modest enough. He is far too sure of what he is about, and has learned the trick of this kind of workmanship far too thoroughly. This is the work of a confident and half-educated amateur, fond of nature, but wholly ignorant of the requirements of painting as an art.

The Italian Exhibition seldom rises much above mediocrity, but it does so in some instances and deserves study. The best Italian art seems to be founded on the most recent French manner. Thus the manner of Pasini has an evident connexion with that of Belly. Pasini, like our own Wyld, really belongs to the French school, for he lives in Paris and always contributes to the Salon. His great picture in the Universal Exhibition, "*Le Schah de Perse parcourant les provinces de son royaume*," is one of the finest things there.

The American Exhibition is small in quantity, but of high quality, especially in landscape. The "*Niagara*" of Church, and the "*Rocky Mountains*" of Bierstadt, are at the head of American landscape, but several other works closely approach and sustain them. Mr. W. M. Hunt's portraits, especially the one of Abraham Lincoln, are remarkable.

The great German school would of itself deserve long and careful study, but it would be necessary to distinguish the true tendencies of the artists from the false directions imposed upon them by German theories and philosophies of art. A labour of this kind would be arduous, and of course entirely beyond the already attained limits of our space.

CHESTER RACES.

GLANCING for a moment at the last day of the Spring Meeting at Newmarket, we may observe that the match between Ostreger and Knight of the Garter over the Rowley mile attracted great interest. Captain Machell's horse seemed to be pulling over Ostreger all the way to the foot of the hill, but he gave in directly the ascent commenced. It may be that the race for the Two Thousand was enough for him for one week; most horses, certainly, cannot go through two severe contests without a considerable interval. But if he ran really up to his form on Friday, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the Two Thousand horses are not first-class. As far as we could judge, however, he flinched at the hill much more on the Friday than on the Tuesday. Before leaving Newmarket we must express our pleasure at learning that Lord Lyon is to be indulged with a good rest. He is by no means an animal that can be hacked about all over the country like Moulsey or Queen of Trumps, and yet sustain no injury. We are even sorry to see that his two great matches, against Viridis over the Rowley mile, and against Rama over the Beacon course, are fixed to take place both in one week. If, as is likely enough, the first should result in a severe struggle, we may reasonably fear that he will fail to exhibit his fine powers to advantage in the second.

And now to Chester, with its races of high-sounding name, but of wonderfully little interest. It is a mystery how the Chester week continues to maintain its position in popular favour, for, apart from the Cup, there is scarcely anything in the four days worth going twenty miles to see. The fields are small, the stakes are small, and there are considerable deductions made from them. There is nothing so odious as, after having won a wretched little race with about 40 sovs. added, to find that even out of that you must refund 10 sovs. In addition to all this, the course is about the worst that can be conceived for racing purposes. Picturesquely situated it is indeed, with the old ramparts frowning over it, and the mountains of Wales towering in the distance; but having admitted that, there is nothing more to be said in its favour. Along one side of it runs a railway, and there appears to be a train passing about every three minutes during the day, and invariably, as each train goes by the course, the engine sets up a prolonged whistle. This is enough to frighten any two-year-old out of his life; but if he escapes that, there is the river Dee on another side conveniently situated for him to jump into. If neither the engine nor the river bring him into danger, he has still to steer safely round a succession of the most surprisingly sharp turns that can be imagined. There are not many horses who can turn quickly, maintaining their speed at the same time. Most either run out at the turns, or else require to be eased, and then sent along again in the straight. The knack, for knack it is, of going at full speed round these abrupt curves, and of hugging the rails closely so as to economize distance, is no more a criterion of meritorious racing quality in a horse than standing on one's head is of physical excellence in a man. It is a clever feat, that is all; and some horses—Dalby, for instance, and Moulsey—can do it with great success. But it is not a feat that is desirable for two-year-olds to learn, and it is noticeable that very few first-class two-year-olds ever run at Chester. The course also is very unpopular with jockeys, from the extreme probability of accidents; and there is no doubt about the character of the meeting having degenerated steadily for some years past. Indeed, it continues to exist partly through clever management, and partly from the accessibility of Chester to the crowded districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The fields on Tuesday were wretchedly small, and the only animals of quality who took part in the events of the day were Regalia, Moulsey, and Lady Highborn. Regalia and Moulsey met in the Grosvenor Stakes. The mare looked fretful and nervous, and showed a good deal of temper at the start. Moreover, the ground was deep and heavy, and she did not canter with any freedom. Moulsey showed that great power of cutting round corners to which we have referred, and his victory was never in doubt after the last turn. Lady Highborn, who ran third to Lady Elizabeth and Suffolk at Northampton, had no difficulty in disposing of her three antagonists in the Mostyn Stakes, but she too did not seem to like the dirt much, for she required some riding at the finish.

The other races were too trivial to notice, nor was there anything on Wednesday worth speaking of except the Cup. Dalby and Gomera had been struck out a few days previously, but otherwise all who had been expected to run duly faced the starter, to the number of twenty-one. There had been a good deal of uncertainty as to Moulsey and Lecturer, and that uncertainty was allowed to continue till almost the last moment. However, Moulsey and Lecturer both appeared when the bell rang and the course was cleared, and we dare say many an anxious mind was relieved by their presence; yet the relief can only have been temporary, for five minutes afterwards Moulsey and Lecturer were beaten horses, and people were shouting for Beeswing, and losers were explaining to winners that Beeswing was bound to win, that they knew she would win, that they had mentally reserved her for this event all the winter, and so on—arguing as losers always do argue. Well, the twenty-one cantered past the stand, and nothing went so well as Archimedes and Moulsey. The former, with his stable companion Leap-Year,

cantered before the rest, and went all round the course. His action was surprisingly free and powerful, and he pulled his jockey almost out of the saddle. Still we fancied that we saw certain twitchings of the ears, and certain irritable turns of the head from side to side, that showed the devil was not yet entirely driven out of him. Lecturer scarcely looked so blooming as at Northampton, but no fault could be found with Miss Havelock and Leases, who cantered with their stable companion Mdlle. Cleopatre. Moulsey, who knows the course to a nicety, was perhaps more eagerly watched than anything, and he galloped as if he had not been out before for a month. The start was not long delayed, Archimedes displaying the greatest anxiety to get off, and when the flag fell he at once went to the front, and his companion Leap-Year, who was to have made the running for him, could never fairly get out of his way. Archimedes in fact was in the forefront of the battle for three-fourths of the distance, galloping splendidly, pulling hard, and with the race entirely at his mercy. Rogues will be rogues, however, and before coming to the last turn he stopped dead, as if shot, and refused to gallop a yard further. We never saw a horse of such real racing quality abandon a struggle in such ignominious fashion. It was objected afterwards that his jockey made too much use of him in the early part of the race, but we think the objection quite unreasonable. With his lenient weight and fine stride Archimedes might have taken the lead and kept it to the end, had he chosen; and we believe that nothing would ever have caught him. Furthermore, the only chance with a horse of such vile disposition is to let him go when he will go. Once check him when he is in a humour for galloping, once pull him back, and depend upon it there will be no making him set to work again. These sort of animals do not do as they are wanted to do twice in one day. The running of Miss Havelock was unaccountably bad, and we do not profess to comprehend it. Her companion Leases we know is a rank coward, and therefore we were not surprised at his refusing to gallop, though, if he had had to travel, as at Newmarket, two miles in the direction of his stable, he would probably have gone so fast that few would have caught him. Moulsey went very well, though he prefers a shorter course; but had he not got into trouble at one of the turns, where one or two horses knocked right against him, he would have been among the first three. Lecturer did all he could, but the course did not suit him, and he lost ground at the turns. The sharp curves evidently hampered his action, and the straight run in was not long enough for him to recover his position. We need not say more of the rest, except that from the distance it was a match between Beeswing and Endsleigh, though Mr. Heathcote's mare won at the last with great ease and with plenty in hand. The result shows the fallacy of private trials, when the special peculiarities of a particular course are not considered. It is almost certain that Lecturer would have beaten Endsleigh easily at the weights over a straight course. This was well known, and therefore people jumped to the conclusion—a costly conclusion in this case—that he must also beat him at Chester, where a horse out of a circus would find himself most at home. At the same time we must not omit to notice the comparative accuracy of Danebury trials generally. Redcap, Lecturer, Lord Zetland, and others, though not actual winners at Chester and Northampton, were always among the first three—a gratifying fact when contrasted with the ridiculous blunders made at Epsom with Abergeldie and Endsleigh, and at Northampton with Quick March.

There is nothing more to notice in connexion with the Cup day, except that the venerable Queen of Trumps was brought out in two successive races. The racing on Thursday was fairly interesting, and certainly much more enjoyable on account of the comparative quiet. Conundrum lost the Cestrian Handicap at the moment Kenyon took up his whip. Had he kept hold of his head instead of setting to work to flog him we believe he would have won; but some riders, directly their horse is challenged, think themselves bound to begin spurring and whipping. Van Amburgh waited on The Rescue to the distance in the Dee Stakes, after which his victory was never in doubt for a moment. A horse of temper even worse than that of D'Estournel and Archimedes was in this race. His name is The Wild Wind. It will be remembered that in the Newmarket Stakes last week he showed his disposition pretty clearly, and was left at the post. He is a well-shaped colt, and could race if he would try. In fact he ran very well on this occasion for the first three-quarters of a mile, when he suddenly tossed his head up, and commenced plunging and kicking, while the other two finished the race by themselves. Moulsey and Lecturer met again for Lord Westminster's Plate, but the course, a mile and a quarter, was just the length to suit Moulsey, and as Lecturer could not in a single night have acquired any new liking for the turns, it was a great pity to bring him out again. It was a mere canter for Lord Bateman's horse, who seems to have accepted four days' racing per week as his allotted destiny. Probably, when he is a year or two older, they will send him over to France on Saturday nights to run on Sunday. Lady Highborn carried 5 lbs. extra in the Two-year-old Plate, and won by a neck; but Timaru, a filly by Newminster out of Timandra, who possesses a fine turn of speed, would have beaten her had she not been disappointed in trying to come through at the turn. The running in the Queen's Plate showed that Miss Havelock's performance in the Cup race was altogether false; for now, with 9st. 7 lbs., or only 7 lbs. less than the weight carried by Regalia, she won over the two miles and a quarter in a canter. This is certainly an extra-

ordinary discrepancy in public running. As we write, we are happy to hear that it is resolved for the future to require no contributions from winners to the fund, or to the stand proprietors, or to any one else, but to pay the stakes, with the added money as advertised, without deductions. This is a step in the right direction, and so likewise is the declared intention to increase the amount of added money during the week. The Chester Cup is no longer what it used to be, and unless the programme is made much more interesting in future years than it has latterly become, it will be a waste of time and money to attend the meeting.

REVIEWS.

ANCIENT COINS, MEASURES, AND WEIGHTS.*

(Second Notice.)

THE second part of Dr. Brandis's book contains what may be called a history of Babylonian weights. It is a curious subject, if closely studied; but to the general reader the diffusion, the partial modifications, and the strange local disguises of these weights are very bewildering. Here and there, however, an unexpected light is seen which, like the ray from a farm-house window across the thick mists of a dreary moor, assures the wanderer that he is on the right track, and gives him fresh courage to toil on. Nothing inspires a student with so much confidence in the final success of his researches as to be able to explain, by means of his theoretical convictions, what seem at first sight the most glaring contradictions. We shall quote one or two instances from Dr. Brandis. On the celebrated tablet of Carnak in Thebes, on which more light has been thrown by Mr. Birch and the Viscount de Rougé than on most hieroglyphic inscriptions, mention is made of the tribute levied by Tuthmoses IV., King of Egypt in the sixteenth century B.C. The principal tribute-paying countries are Ethiopia, Syria, and Mesopotamia, and while the weight of gold and silver brought from Africa is generally given in round numbers, the weight of the tribute from Mesopotamia is put down in odd and fractional numbers. Dr. Brandis shows that the African tribute was paid according to Egyptian weight, whereas the tribute from Mesopotamia was levied according to Babylonian shekels, and had therefore to be reduced to Egyptian pounds and ounces, which explains the uneven figures on the tablet of Carnak.

Again, when we read in 1 Kings, x. 14, that "the weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred three-score and six talents of gold," Dr. Brandis tries to prove that here too we have a sum reduced from one standard to another. All the other items of tribute and presents are given in round numbers, and by supposing that the 666½ gold talents were originally levied in silver talents, Dr. Brandis shows that the corresponding quantity of silver talents, according to the Jewish rate of exchange, would have been exactly 10,000. Further researches into the relative value of Hebrew and Babylonian weights have enabled Dr. Brandis to remove a contradiction which has sorely puzzled a certain class of cuneiform scholars. According to them, the only interest of these inscriptions would seem to lie in the confirmation which they are supposed to afford of certain statements in the historical books of the Old Testament. It is curious that these scholars should have altogether failed to appreciate the relative value of the historical books of the Bible and the cuneiform inscriptions of the Babylonian palaces. First of all, the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon will probably, for a long time to come, continue to abound in problematical decipherments and renderings; nay, it can hardly be expected that their interpretation will ever reach that extraordinary degree of phonetic accuracy and grammatical definiteness which has been obtained by the decipherers of the cuneiform inscriptions of Persia. Secondly, it is well known what amount of historical accuracy can be claimed for inscriptions adorning the palaces of the very kings whose exploits and triumphs they record, particularly in Eastern countries. The historical books of the Bible, on the contrary, have been recognised as invaluable historical documents, most of all by those who draw a sharp line between the purely traditional and the purely historical elements of the Old Testament. If, as was at one time supposed, the cuneiform decipherers could produce a contemporaneous inscription describing all the incidents in the destruction of the Tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues, they might well claim the credit of having established the historical character of certain portions of the Books of Moses. But when we come to later periods of the divided Jewish kingdoms, it is the Jewish chronicles that serve to inspire us with a belief in the right rendering and the truthfulness of cuneiform inscriptions, and not the cuneiform inscriptions and their tentative renderings that could inspire us with faith in the historical narrative of the Old Testament. Thus, while readily granting that where these two independent witnesses actually agree, they would naturally strengthen one another, we cannot as yet bring ourselves to correct the dates and numbers in the Books of Kings according to the varying decipherments of Sir H. Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, Mr. Fox Talbot, M. Oppert, and M. Menant, particularly as further researches will frequently remove the discrepancies which at first seem so

startling. Here, too, the researches of Dr. Brandis have proved useful. In a frequently quoted Babylonian inscription, the tribute which Sennacherib obtained from Hezekiah is described as "30 talents of gold and 800 talents of silver." In 2 Kings, xviii. 14, we read:—"And Hezekiah King of Judah sent to the King of Assyria to Lachish, saying, I have offended; return from me; that which thou puttest on me will I bear. And the King of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah King of Judah 300 talents of silver and 30 talents of gold." Much controversy has arisen from this apparent discrepancy, some scholars holding that the Assyrian monarch exaggerated, others that the Jewish historian intentionally diminished the heavy tribute laid on the King of Judah. We believe the right solution is that given by Dr. Brandis, who shows that, while the gold talent was the same in Judah and Assyria, the Jewish silver talent stood to that of the Assyrians in the exact proportion of three to eight.

It is surprising to see how in all matters connected with trade, and particularly in the exchange of gold and silver, the Eastern nations laid the foundations on which the Greeks and Romans, and even the modern nations of Europe, had to build. At a time when the Greeks used only iron, and the Italians cattle or copper, as media of exchange, we see from the inscription of Carnak that gold and silver rings, carefully graduated in weight, circulated in Egypt. In Babylonia, Assyria, Phenicia, and Palestine, the ordinary trade was carried on by means of gold and silver pieces, called *shekels*, and though there is no evidence to show that their value was marked upon them, it has been proved that the current gold piece of Western Asia had the exact weight of the sixtieth part of a Babylonian *maná*. It was nearly equal to our sovereign, while the current silver piece came very near to our shilling. The difficult problem of the relative value of gold and silver had been solved to a certain extent in the Mesopotamian kingdoms, the proportion between silver and gold being fixed as 1 to 13½. This proportion was maintained throughout Western Asia, and as late as the sixth century we still find it observed in the coinage of Croesus, afterwards in that of the Persian Kings down to the time of Alexander the Great. The silver shekel current in Babylon, Lydia, and Persia was heavier than the gold shekel in the proportion of 13½ to 10, and had therefore the value of one-tenth of a gold shekel; and the half silver shekel, called by the Greeks a drachma, was worth one-twentieth of a gold shekel. It was to the gold shekel what the shilling is still to the sovereign, and the franc to the Napoleon. A different system was adopted in Assyria, Syria, Phenicia, and Palestine, but it was based on the same proportion in the relative value of gold and silver. Here the gold shekel had twice the weight and double the value of the Babylonian gold shekel, and the weight of the silver shekel was to it in the proportion of 13½ to 15. Hence the current silver piece of those countries had the value of one-fifteenth, the silver drachma of one-thirtieth, and the half silver drachma of one-sixtieth of the gold shekel. In the copper coinage of the Persian kings this sexagesimal system is carried out still further. The silver drachma is divided into sixty copper pieces, and even as late as the Ptolemies we find these copper drachmas worth one-sixtieth of a silver drachma.

But with all the advances that had been made by the Babylonians and Assyrians in rendering gold and silver a commercial medium of exchange, the discovery of gold and silver coinage, in the true sense of that word, was not made by them, but, as far as our evidence goes at present, by the Greeks. The first money was coined by the Phocæans in the seventh century B.C. They stamped their city arms, a phoca or seal, on the Assyrian and Babylonian shekels, that stamp expressing the warranty of their State for the weight and value of those pieces. Those who wish to be quite exact in giving honour to whom honour is due, might say that the idea of stamping or sealing public documents belonged to the Babylonians. This is true. In Babylon those who possessed seals, or were able to write, would sign their names on the soft clay cylinders, and even the common people, as Mr. Coxe has shown, used to put their mark by impressing their nail, a far better security than the mere cross in our public documents. Yet, although they went so far, they never took the all-important step of stamping their gold and silver currency with the name or the royal arms of their sovereigns. From Phocæa the art of coining soon spread to the other Greek towns of Asia Minor, and was thence transplanted to Ægina, the Peloponnesus, Corinth, Athens, and the Greek colonies in Africa and Italy. In this way the original weights of the Babylonian and Assyrian gold and silver shekels were repeated in Western Asia, in Greece, Africa, and Italy. We find that the Corinthian and the Attic silver stater or didrachma, as well as the gold pieces coined by Croesus, Darius, Philip, and Alexander, have, if placed in the balance, the same weight as the original Babylonian gold shekel. The gold stater of Cyzicus represents the weight of the Assyrian and Syrian gold shekel, and the silver stater coined in Asia Minor, in Macedonia, Thrace, Rhodes, Phenicia, and, under the Maccabees, in Palestine, does not differ in weight from the old silver shekel current in Syria, Phenicia, and Palestine, long before the discovery of the art of coining. In Ægina, owing perhaps to a different valuation of gold and silver—though this is uncertain—the weight was a little reduced, and in that reduced form the Ægina coinage spread to the Peloponnesus and other parts of Greece. Lastly, the silver stater coined by Croesus, adopted by Darius, and transferred from Asia Minor to Greece and some parts of Italy, has been proved to possess the same weight as the old Babylonian

* *Das Münz-, Mass- und Gewichtswesen in Vorderasien, bis auf Alexander den Grossen.* Von J. Brandis. Berlin: 1866.

silver shekel, which, according to Dr. Brandis, occurs on the inscription of Carnak as early as the sixteenth century B.C.

These two parts of Dr. Brandis's work form only a kind of introduction to the third part, in which he enters upon the history of coinage in Western Asia from its first discovery at Phocæa down to the time of Alexander the Great. Most antiquarians have been accustomed to regard ancient coins as specimens of art rather than as historical documents. The importance of an accurate knowledge of the changes of coinage, for a true appreciation of the political changes in Roman history, has been shown in a masterly manner by Professor Mommsen. Dr. Brandis, following in his footsteps, has secured to numismatics the same importance in the early history of Western Asia. The different questions of the relative value of gold and silver, of a standard currency, and of the right of the king or of provincial towns to coin money, so important in the history of empires, must all be settled on the evidence of coins. Now here the most difficult point is to fix the exact date of each coin. By a careful comparison we may succeed in settling the age of one series of coins with reference to another series. But to fix the absolute age of a given coin on which we find neither the name of a king nor of a known magistrate, is a task of no small difficulty. In this task Dr. Brandis has availed himself with great success of a careful examination of the weights of coins, and has thus been enabled to establish several important chronological data. We can only quote one or two. With a few exceptions all the silver coins of Asia Minor follow, as we have seen, either the system of the Phœnician silver stater, worth one-fifteenth of the gold shekel, or the system of the Babylonian silver stater, worth one-tenth of the gold shekel. The latter system, however, was not introduced into Western Asia before the time of Darius, who adopted it in his Imperial coinage. At the end of the fifth century B.C. the Rhodian silver stater, struck according to the Babylonian system, became predominant; and such was the influence of the Rhodian commerce that even towns like Samos and Chios modified their standard, and adopted that of Rhodes. The same standard was introduced by Philip into Macedonia.

One of the most interesting chapters in the third part of Dr. Brandis's work is that in which he treats of the right of coinage as established by Darius in the Persian Empire. He shows that none of the provincial towns, and none of the satraps, had the right of coining gold, though they were allowed to coin silver and copper. But even this was regarded as mere merchandise if brought to the Royal exchequer; it was accepted according to its weight, without having any legitimate currency. All the gold coined in provincial towns, by satraps or by vassal kings, was coined during times of rebellion or temporary independence. Philip of Macedonia went even beyond this. He suppressed all independent mints in his Empire, only granting exceptional privileges to a few favoured towns.

For a long time gold was the standard currency in the Persian Empire, silver in Greece. Alexander introduced the silver standard into Asia. Greek authors, speaking of monetary transactions in Persia before the time of Alexander, invariably base their calculations on the gold Darius, while during and after his reign sums of money were calculated in silver drachmas. It is not impossible that the preference for silver, in India and other Oriental countries, dates from the days of the Macedonian conqueror.

In the seventh and eighth centuries a metal called *electron* was very commonly used in the Greek towns of Asia Minor. It was a kind of gold, found at that time in large quantities in the mines of Lydia, and in the river Pactolis, and contained, according to ancient estimates, about thirty per cent. of silver. According to assays made for Dr. Brandis at Paris, the quantity of silver amounts in some cases to forty per cent. It is difficult, however, in many cases, to determine whether the alloy of gold and silver, commonly called *electron*, is natural or artificial, and Mr. Newton thinks that numismatists have been too indiscriminate in the use of that name. In later times the Greek towns of Asia Minor, especially Cyzicus and Phocæa, began to alloy their gold coins with a great deal of copper; while the coins struck by Cæsar and Darius, both in gold and silver, are almost without any alloy. Copper coinage began about the fifth century, and was first practised, not, as is commonly supposed in Italy, but in Ægina. The variety of coins in Asia Minor and Greece, where each independent town claimed the right of coinage, was very considerable; and in order to simplify the exchange of money, several of the more important towns entered into alliances, and concluded monetary conventions, fixing a common standard, and making their respective coins a legal tender within the boundaries of the confederacy. This led to the adoption of certain common signs, of the same alloy, and of the same weights, in the towns of the Lycian Confederation, and in several of the Greek towns in Asia Minor. Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, has lately published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature a very interesting Greek inscription from Mitylene, containing, as he shows, the latter part of a treaty between the Mityleneans and the Phocæans, regulating the standard of a gold coinage common to both States, probably not later than Olymp. 96. In it it is ordained that the officer who has struck the gold—this interpretation rests on one of Mr. Newton's ingenious conjectures—should be subject to trial both in Mitylene and Phocæa, and that the jurors for this trial, in both cities, should be a majority of the magistrates. If the person under trial shall be convicted of having wilfully diluted the gold, he is to be punished with death; if, however, he shall be judged to have erred, but not wilfully, the Court is to decide what he ought to suffer, or

to pay as a fine; but let the city be free from the charge, and from all liability.

At the end of his book Dr. Brandis gives a special history of all the coins struck in Asia Minor before and after Darius, arranged in geographical and chronological order. This is followed by an Appendix containing a descriptive catalogue of all the coins which have yielded the materials of his researches. This is in fact the most complete list hitherto published of all the coins of the different countries of Western Asia, Thrace, and Macedonia, which are known to exist. Dr. Brandis has examined most of them himself in the numismatic cabinets of Paris, London, Berlin, and other towns; others he has taken as described in numismatic publications. The last two hundred pages of Dr. Brandis's work, containing these descriptive catalogues, must have required an immense amount of labour, and labour of the most minute and tedious character. The numismatic student will find them invaluable, and they will serve for a long time to come as the nucleus of all researches into the early history of the coinage of Western Asia.

Professor Boeckh, who, in his *Metrologische Untersuchungen*, published in 1838, first started the idea that most of the weights and measures of the ancient world had a common origin, and who, in spite of the insufficiency of the materials then accessible—for neither Botta nor Layard had then been digging in the ruins of Babylon—arrived at the conclusion that their origin must be sought for in Babylon, ought to feel truly gratified at the confirmation which his theories have received at the hand of Dr. Brandis. The data, no doubt, on which Professor Boeckh rested his conclusions, have been replaced by sounder and more complete materials, and some of his conclusions are no longer tenable. But if a man will live, and not only live, but remain active and vigorous for nearly a century, like Professor Boeckh of Berlin, he cannot be surprised at some portions of his works growing old and becoming antiquated, while the genius that gave birth to them retains such marvellous youth and freshness. Few scholars may say with so much confidence as the Nestor of philologists at Berlin, *Multaque pars mei Vitabit Libitina*.

A VOLUME OF ULTRAMONTANE THEOLOGY.*

IF Dr. Manning's *England and Christendom* were, what it professes to be, "a new work," instead of being merely a reprint of four pamphlets published during the last three years, with a rambling introduction on things in general prefixed to them, it would do little to raise his reputation as a theologian or a thinker. Both in matter and style it is decidedly inferior to some of his earlier publications. His reasoning powers were never of the strongest, though he has always had a fatal fondness for logical display. But the habit of swallowing wholesale the infallible dicta of a somewhat garrulous Pontiff has not improved them. His way of quietly assuming whatever suits his purpose reminds us of the excellent divine who used to explain that, "When I say religion I mean of course the Christian religion, and when I say the Christian religion I mean of course the Protestant religion, and when I say the Protestant religion I mean of course the Church of England." When Dr. Manning says religion he means "of course" the latest development of Ultramontanism, but he leaves his readers to gather from the context what is too obvious a truism to require being stated in words. He was never an original writer, but there is about some of his early sermons an exquisite grace and elevation of tone which almost seemed to supply the place of originality, even though at times the meaning might evaporate in the elaborate finish of their faultless rhetoric, like the motive of the pictures that Mr. Ruskin comments on so severely, "which Carlo Dolci has polished into inanity." The polish still remains, but the old inspiration has died out; the sentences are smooth and scholarly as ever, but there is no freshness or elasticity about them. The narrow circle of ideas in which the author's mind has compelled itself to gyrate with the perpetual motion of a clock, which always moves but never advances, has reacted on his style, and thought and language have petrified together. Even in his similes he is sometimes far from happy. Thus we are informed, in one place where he is having a fling at the Ritualists, that "a forest tree is hardly more unconscious of its foliage than the Catholic Church of the splendour of her worship." But, as the tree is no more conscious of its trunk or its sap than of its foliage, this can only mean, if it means anything, that the Catholic Church is a kind of *caput mortuum* unconscious of its own existence. Dr. Manning is one of those who see with microscopic clearness what falls within the selected range of their vision, but never permit themselves to cast a glance beyond it. His mind is more subtle than vigorous, and accurate rather than deep. Nature evidently intended him for a diplomatist, and, so long as he had no novel complications to deal with requiring not delicate finesse so much as grasp and breadth of treatment, he would have made a very skilful one. He has all the tortuous and somewhat feminine instincts of a clever tactician, and in the political arena would have presented some striking points of similarity to the present leader of the House of Commons. But he mistakes his vocation in aspiring to be a leader of religious thought for men. Indeed we should not have thought it necessary to notice this little book at all, but that it happens to supply a good supplementary

* *England and Christendom*. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

illustration of the remarks we made not long ago on the origin and growth of Ultramontanism. We have here a sort of official manifesto, coming on the highest authority, of the newest phase of the Ultramontane system of belief, and it is a matter of some interest to examine what are its leading principles.

The volume consists of two Letters to a Friend on the *Essays and Reviews* case, a Letter to Dr. Pusey on the Church of England, a Pastoral on the Reunion of Christendom, and an Introduction on England and Christendom. But there is such a strong family likeness among all the five papers, both in the subject and the manner of handling it, that it matters very little which of them we refer to, or in what order we take them. The Letter to Dr. Pusey is the most courteous and cautious, but in some respects least intelligible, portion of the volume. It is difficult, in the first place, to understand why it was written at all; for if the writer's object, as the opening paragraphs seem to imply, was to assure an old friend of his continued regard, that could have been done more expeditiously and more acceptably through the medium of the penny post. If, on the other hand, as the body of the letter would lead us to infer, the object was to make some telling points against the English Church, one hardly sees why a personal friend, to whom it was sure to be exceedingly distasteful, should be made the recipient of it, especially as very much the same arguments had just been urged in two previous letters to somebody else. Nor is our perplexity diminished when we come to the contents of the letter. Dr. Manning's notion of being conciliatory is to assure Dr. Pusey that he never doubted the operation of grace in the Church of England, because no Catholic questions its operation among the heathen; and moreover the majority of Englishmen are probably baptized, and a great many of them "practise in a high degree the four cardinal virtues, and in no small degree the three theological virtues," and a number of highly respectable theologians, who are quoted, consider that, if they are in good faith, they will be saved. All this may not have been very new to Dr. Pusey, but then he is reminded that it applies to Dissenters quite as much as to Anglicans—indeed we shall see presently that the former are much the best off of the two—and that "every Catholic must watch with satisfaction every change, social and political, which weakens the hold of the Church of England on the country;" immediately after which statement the writer rather oddly observes, "Hitherto I hope we may have been able to agree together." How far Dr. Pusey may agree in the desire for the gradual destruction of his Church we cannot undertake to say; but it is noteworthy that a few months before the appearance of this letter Dr. Newman had given utterance also in the *Apologia* to an exactly opposite wish. We have some recollection of another letter published by Archbishop Manning's predecessor in his present office which caused a considerable stir in the Tractarian camp about thirty years ago, in which Cardinal Wiseman displayed so little consciousness of what "every Catholic must wish" that he expressed the warmest sympathy for the Church of England, and hoped its influence over the nation would continue to increase, and that it would eventually reunite itself to Catholic Christendom. Who shall decide when such reverend doctors so very remarkably disagree? There are other passages, if it is not presumptuous for a profane reviewer to criticize an Archbishop's theology, which have puzzled us quite as much. For instance, we read in one place that "if the Catholic Church be the organ of the Holy Ghost," the Anglican Church has neither priesthood, sacraments, absolution, nor the Real Presence. Dr. Manning says these are "hard truths"; but what chiefly strikes us about the matter is that, true or not, some very distinguished Roman theologians have maintained just the contrary. Courayer, for instance, wrote a learned book in defence of Anglican orders for which the University of Oxford gave him an honorary degree, and Bossuet has put on record the same opinion; whence it follows, according to Dr. Manning's logic, that they did not believe the Catholic Church to be "the organ of the Holy Ghost." In other words, that great *malleus hæreticorum*, the immortal author of the *Variations of Protestantism*, shocking to relate, was himself a heretic! Nor is it much easier to grasp Dr. Manning's appreciation of facts outside his own communion. The Dissenters, about whom many civil things are said in the course of the volume, are especially praised for never having produced "any Biblical criticism like Dr. Colenso's," which proves them to be better champions of orthodoxy than Anglicans. Perhaps it might be worth inquiring how much Biblical criticism of any kind they have produced. However, we do happen to know of one such work, by Dr. Davidson, which Bishop Colenso has made considerable use of, and which, we believe, goes beyond him in the rationalistic line. If it has not excited anything like the same sensation as the Bishop of Natal's books, that only shows that such phenomena are thought less eccentric in a Dissenting minister than in a bishop.

The Pastoral—which follows the Letter to Dr. Pusey, and is in fact a reply to his *Eirenicon*, though neither book nor author is named in it—and the Introduction are vastly dull reading, but they are very instructive to those who want to know what Ultramontanes really think. It is impressed upon us over and over again with every variety of emphasis that all "definitions," "decrees," "interpretations" emanating from the Pope are infallible. To appeal from him to a future General Council, or to deny his superiority to a General Council—as all the great Catholic divines of the fourteenth and earlier part of the fifteenth century constantly did—"falls under sentence of excommunication, reserved to the Pope,"

and is scandalous, sinful, and we know not what else; and we learn, on the very respectable authority of Julius II., that all who do so are "true and undoubted schismatics." Moreover, this infallibility extends not only to doctrines, but to "dogmatic facts"—a distinction which our readers may not clearly apprehend the force of, but which is of momentous importance, and may best be explained by an example. The cruel persecution of the Port Royalists, so eloquently described by Sir James Stephen, was not for denying any doctrine of the Church, or even of the Pope—for they accepted every definition that was put before them—but for refusing to swear to the "dogmatic fact" that the heretical statements which they had consented to abjure were contained in a certain book, which most of them had never read, and which those who had read it thought did not contain them. As to the fact, probably most impartial critics at the present day would agree with the Jesuits that Jansen's *Augustinus* does contain, by implication, the obnoxious opinions; but it is a point every one can judge of for himself, and to make it an article of faith, even apart from hurrying people to death for demurring to it, does certainly seem a refinement of stupid intolerance. This, however, is one of the least of the practical corollaries from the Ultramontane principle of infallibility in "dogmatic facts." The famous case of Galileo will of course occur to everybody. But even this does not satisfy Dr. Manning. He further insists—with evident reference, not only to the *Eirenicon*, but to a very notable passage in Dr. Newman's letter upon it—that whoever "condemns as pernicious what the public authority of the Church tolerates as innocent, is guilty of temerity and immodesty;" which is proved, not very conclusively to our unenlightened intelligence, by St. Paul's saying that "the spiritual man judgeth all things, and he himself is judged by no one." It would of course, on this principle, have been "immodest" to criticize, and therefore impossible to reform, any of the worst abuses of the darkest ages of Christendom. Dr. Manning might have remembered that the Council of Trent has itself summarily condemned many things which "public authority" had at one time more than tolerated; and, moreover, that all the apparatus of winking images, La Salette apparitions, and other pious impostures which we can hardly suspect him of believing in, has even in our own day been sheltered beneath the aegis of ecclesiastical sanction—to say nothing of language in authorized writers which, as Dr. Newman said, "can only be explained by being explained away," and which goes very far to erect the Virgin into a goddess, and the Pope into the *præsens divus* of a new form of Roman idolatry. Dr. Manning is very angry with somebody or other who said on his return from Rome that the opinions on the nature of the Papacy in vogue there among extreme Ultramontanes "seemed to him like Llamism." Will he forgive us if we express a fear that his own way of speaking of the Pope will not do much to diminish that impression?

And now we have very few words to say in conclusion. Such books as that before us will no doubt be eagerly hailed by a little section of coxcombical converts whose time and energies are chiefly absorbed in the suicidal amusement of excoagulating some new device for tightening on the necks of their co-religionists a yoke of intellectual bondage which neither they nor their fathers have been able to bear. Nor is it likely to be unwelcome to the Roman Court, which is not at all less willing than other Courts have shown themselves to listen to adulations of its own prerogative, and will probably be quite prepared, if he wishes it, to reward the teacher of such comfortable doctrines with a red hat and stockings. But if Dr. Manning thinks his new method of advocating his cause will commend it to the acceptance of the English people, he must be labouring under some strange infatuation. If there is one fact in history more certain than another, it is that England never was Ultramontane; and if there is one prediction which may be hazarded with tolerable safety, it is that she never will be. And we are much mistaken if, in tarowing to the winds the traditional caution and moderation of tone which has usually marked the language of Roman prelates, at least in this country, Archbishop Manning will not alienate or alarm many more than he will gratify of the hereditary professors of his adopted creed. They have already marked, by their recent address to Dr. Newman, their judgment of the tactics of this same extreme party. And, though it would be unfair to identify the Archbishop with the unmannerly scribbler who provoked their censure by his violent attack on Dr. Newman's orthodoxy, it is fair to remind him that such writers are but carrying out in detail, with perfect consistency though with very imperfect discretion, the principles which he has taught them.

MR. ELLIS ON HANNIBAL AND THE ALPS.*

MR. DISRAELI the other day playfully told a clamorous deputation that a satisfactory settlement of the Reform question was not to be arrived at by alternate ejaculations of Yes, Yes, and No, No. The remark will equally apply to the less practical problem of Hannibal's route across the Alps, of which it is certain that no genuine solution can be gained except through a thorough and impartial examination of the evidence brought forward in behalf of the contending theories. Partisans of the

* *An Enquiry into the Ancient Routes between Italy and Gaul; with an Examination of the Theory of Hannibal's Passage of the Alps by the Little St. Bernard.* By Robert Ellis, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton. London: Bell & Daldy. 1867.

Mont Cenis or the Little St. Bernard may cry out Great is the Cottian Alp, or the Graia Alp, by the space of two hours together; but their success in convincing any listeners whose conviction is worth securing will depend upon the soundness of their arguments, not upon the fluency of their asseveration. In reviewing, a few months since, Mr. Law's book, *The Alps of Hannibal*, we spoke of it advisedly as "one of the most exhaustive of controversial works, written with vigorous earnestness and perfect fairness, thorough scholarship, and great critical acumen." One of Mr. Law's old antagonists, Mr. Ellis, the most thoroughgoing extant advocate of the Mont Cenis route, appears to consider the controversy as by no means exhausted. The "Enquiry" now before us is by way of a supplement to the treatise published by Mr. Ellis some thirteen years ago, in which he first expounded his theories of a march up the southern bank of the Isère, past the White Rock of Baune, in the valley of the Arc, and across the Little Mount Cenis. We cannot speak of his new process of proof as belonging to the same class of controversial writing with Mr. Law's. But it is, to borrow the epithet with which its author gracefully brushes away the solid resistance of *The Alps of Hannibal*, an "ingenious" volume.

Mr. Ellis, like Mr. Law, professes an entire veneration for the authority of Polybius as Hannibal's best historian. But Mr. Ellis's veneration of Polybius is governed throughout by a peculiar crotchet, very fully ventilated in his treatise of 1854. He conceives the narrative of the Carthaginian march to be purposely stated, from first to last, in a succession of double steps—"a succinct account or summary, merely stating the direction and end of a march" (or the outline of an incident), "the details of which are afterwards given." With a laudable consistency he now applies this method to the doings of Scipio, as well as of Hannibal, and shows how the movements of the two generals between the times of their parting on the Rhone and their meeting on the Po "synchronize" most remarkably, if they are thus understood as being each told twice over. Under the new light so thrown upon the manner of Polybius, Mr. Ellis proves to his own satisfaction out of the words of that historian, that Hannibal's Alpine pass led him directly down upon the Taurini (first mentioned in the 60th chapter of the 3rd Book); that he besieged and took their chief town within a few days of his leaving the mountain gorges and entering the Italian plain; that the mention of his descent into the Italian plain and among the nation of the Insubres, in the 56th chapter (where the words are *κατ' ἑρμηνείαν εἰς τὰ περὶ τὸν Πάδον πεδία καὶ τὸ τῶν Ἰσούβρων ἔθνος*), is nothing but a summary which covers and includes the details of the later chapters 60-65, from the taking of the Taurine town to the confronting Scipio in line of battle between the Ticino and the Po. We quote the result into which Mr. Ellis "synchronizes" the parallel movements of the two great adversaries in the following parallel arrangement of Polybius's story:—

After mentioning (c. 49) Scipio's voyage back to Pisa, and his intention of gaining the pass of the Alps from the Italian side before Hannibal could get there, he says nothing more of the Roman general till c. 56. From c. 49 to the beginning of c. 56, Hannibal's march from the passage of the Rhone, across the Alps, to the commencement of the Italian plain, is described at length, and the 56th chapter then runs on thus to its end:—

Finally Hannibal having accomplished his whole march from New Carthage in five months,

and his passage of the Alps in fifteen days,

descended boldly into the plains of the Po and the country of the Insubres.

Mr. Ellis restricts the Insubres to the Milanese, in which their capital undoubtedly lay. He also identifies the Taurine town with Turin. If Hannibal found Turin at the foot of the Alps which he crossed—if, after sacking Turin, he marched on towards the Insubrians, but never joined them before he stood on the Ticino or Po confronting Scipio—the pass over which he came must, says Mr. Ellis, have crossed the Cottian Alp, at the foot of which Turin lies. Pompey is known to have crossed one Cottian pass, the Mont Genève, which he described as a shorter route between Italy and Spain than the line of Hannibal. The other Cottian pass is the Mont Cenis. Therefore Hannibal crossed the Mont Cenis. Mr. Ellis raises the issue in the shortest form. It depends entirely on the question whether Hannibal first came into contact with the Insubres or the Taurini, or (in other words) whether a fact told in c. 56 precedes, follows, or includes a fact told in c. 60.

To agree with Mr. Ellis we must first admit that *κατ' ἑρμηνείαν* is construable as a mere succinct statement of the direction and end of the march, of which we are to hear the details by and by. We must next allow that *ἐπὶ τῶν ποταμῶν* (the phrase used of Scipio in the 56th chapter) is fairly construed as "opposed the enemy." In proof of the first of these propositions, Mr. Ellis produces instances from Appian, Polybius, Herodotus, the Septuagint, and St. John, where *κατὰ τὴν ἐν*

ῥαβδίνην, *ὥρμησε εἰς*, *προῆγε εἰς*, *ἦγε εἰς*, *ἰπορεύετο εἰς*, *ὥρμητο εἰς*, *ἰπορεύθη εἰς*, *ἀπῆλθε εἰς*, are used to govern a destination which is actually reached a chapter or so further on in the respective narratives. Every verb so quoted by him is fairly to be translated, "made for"; whereas *κατ' ἑρμηνείαν* is "came down upon," and nothing short of it. Any schoolboy with a Liddell and Scott to consult could refer Mr. Ellis to the passages which define the meaning of the word, as applicable to the coming of a ship from the offing into port, or the lighting down of a bird on a perch or resting-place. Nor is Mr. Ellis happier in his translation of *ἐπὶ τῶν ποταμῶν*. He refers, for the force of *ἐπὶ* in tactics, to the battles of Cynossema in Thucydides, Plataea in Herodotus, and Granicus in Arrian; also to the combat of Ulysses and the suitors in the Odyssey. In each of these cases the word, from its context, necessarily refers to the actual time of action, where the enemy is already in sight; and in the passages given from Herodotus the verb governs a direct accusative. *Ἐπὶ τὸν ποταμὸν* does not naturally mean to have the enemy fronting you, at the end of your bow, or rifle, or whatever may be the weapon with which you aim; *ἐπὶ τὸν ποταμὸν* (where nothing else shows that the enemy is in sight) is nothing more than to have your eye and aim ready for the point and moment at which he may appear. Mr. Law construes it soundly enough, "Scipio was intent on his enemy." Mr. Ellis forces this word as far beyond its legitimate meaning as his version of the other word falls short. And with the rectification of these two perverse translations away goes the whole basis on which Mr. Ellis has built up his "synchronistic" arrival of Hannibal and Scipio in the Insubrian country. Away, too, goes a heap of nonsensical argument with which Mr. Ellis believes he has reduced to an absurdity the Bernardine hypothesis, in the gratuitous assertion that it would bring Hannibal and Scipio into close proximity, "encamped against one another" near Ivrea, before the recovery of the Carthaginian army from its Alpine hardships, before the taking of the Taurine town, and some weeks at least before Scipio crossed the Po near Placentia. The absurdity is only chargeable to the ingenious brain which twists a simple once-told tale into an inconsistent twice-told one.

Mr. Ellis is not afraid of a good bold assertion. Here is one:—

The plains of the Taurini are twice placed by Polybius at the foot of Hannibal's Alps; and the same opinion was universally held by the ancients; and that Hannibal must of necessity have crossed the Cottian Alp.

Undoubtedly the proof would be cogent in the extreme. But where does Polybius say so twice, or even once? Mr. Ellis draws one positive statement to this effect out of his 60th chapter in the fact that Hannibal encamps under the mountain side (*ὅπ' αὐτὴν τὴν παράρτιον τῶν Ἀλπεων*) and afterwards comes in collision with the Taurini, who dwell by the mountain side (*οἱ τεγγάνοντι πρὸς τὴν παρὼρτιαν κατοικοῦντες*). "As the *παρὼρτια* of this second passage is clearly [says Mr. Ellis] identical with the *παρὼρτια* of the first, and as the first *παρὼρτια* is as clearly that of the Alps which Hannibal crossed, it follows that the Taurini dwell at the foot of the Alps of Hannibal." *Παρὼρτια* is not, as Mr. Ellis pertinaciously construes it, "mountain-foot," but the flat country which lies along under the range of mountains, reaching in the case of the Alps from Turin to Udine. Mr. Ellis has a right to make any inference from the circumstances of the narrative (we think he makes a false one); but he is not justified in treating his inference as a positive statement made by the historian. He is very severe upon Wickham and Cramer for what he considers a fault in this kind. His "second occasion on which Polybius places the Taurini at the foot of the Alps of Hannibal is noticed by Strabo." The words of Strabo are to the effect that Polybius mentions four passes across the Alps, one of which was that through the Taurini which Hannibal traversed—*ἢν Ἀννίβας ἀνέλθεν*. Mr. Ellis assumes these words to be a direct assertion by Polybius quoted by Strabo. Other persons have assumed that the assertion is Strabo's, grounded on his general inference from Polybius's story. Others, again, believe that the sentence is an interpolation by a later commentator on Strabo. But, even if Strabo is quoting Polybius, how does Mr. Ellis gather that it is a version of any other passage in Polybius beside that in cap. 60, which to his own understanding conveys so positive a statement? It is not correct to put words into a man's mouth twice because there are two witnesses (Strabo and Mr. Ellis) to a single conversation. Nor is it correct to state that "this opinion was universally held by the ancients," when Mr. Ellis knows that he is only relying on a rather crabbed and doubtful passage of Livy, in which some uncertain fact or other is recited as universally agreed upon, while "this opinion" (that the Taurini were at the foot of Hannibal's pass) is recited as differed from by Coelius Antipater and others. Again we must refer Mr. Ellis to Mr. Disraeli's pertinent remark about Yes, Yes, and No, No.

Mr. Ellis recurs to his old "insuperable objection to the Little St. Bernard," in the length of time which the army must have occupied in the descent from the summit to the Italian plains. It is difficult to improve upon the manner in which this difficulty is met by Mr. Law. We will only point out that Mr. Ellis haggles for an addition of twelve miles to the distance from summit to level, which the language of the historian does not justify. He says, that according to the Bernardine theory

The commencement of the plains is moved back twelve Roman miles from Ivrea to St. Martin, at the head of the lowest reach of the valley of Aosta. This seems inadmissible. The commencement of the plains of the Po can hardly be fixed at the upper extremity of such a reach, merely because the reach happens to be nearly level.

Polybius never mentions the plains of the Po (τὰ περὶ τὸν Πάδον πεδία) till the next sentence after that in which he tells us that in so many days from a certain point Hannibal touched level ground—ἐφ' ἧσαν τῶν ἰσχυρίων. By Mr. Ellis's own theory the earlier sentence deals with the conclusion of the mountain march, narrated at length; the later deals only with the succinct summary of the plain march which is to come. Perhaps Mr. Ellis will tell us what mountain difficulties Hannibal would have to encounter in the "nearly level" reach between St. Martin and Ivrea.

Mr. Ellis's chapter upon the "Cottian land" is an almost hopeless imbroglia. For all we can see, a dissertation upon Dixie's land would have been quite as much to the purpose as far as Hannibal is concerned; but the chapter is relevant to the topic of ancient routes between Italy and Gaul. By hook or by crook, by manipulating Strabo and Agathemerus and Pliny, Mr. Ellis convinces himself, alone among geographers, that Scingomagus is Susa; although Pliny, who mentions Scingomagus, speaks of Susa under its usual name of Segusio. By again manipulating the distances of Pliny and Agathemerus, correcting "gross errors," and filling up "lacune" by calculation, Mr. Ellis next persuades himself that Artemidorus the Ephesian, a century before the Christian era, in estimating the length of the world by an itinerary of several stages, one stage being from Scingomagus to Illiberis at the foot of the Pyrenees in Gaul, describes unmistakably the route across the Mont Cenis as part of this particular stage, inasmuch as "the distance between Scingomagus and Illiberis must decide the question." There is, indeed, Mr. Ellis fairly allows, an old route from Susa over the Genève to Valence which would suit Artemidorus's distances equally well; but as that route is not wanted for Hannibal, Mr. Ellis prefers to treat the Ephesian geographer as proving that the Mont Cenis was open a century or so after the Carthaginian invasion.

The next witness whom Mr. Ellis vouches is Varro, one of Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, who wrote on the Second Punic War. Varro is made by Servius, a fourth-century commentator on the *Æneid*, to speak of five Alpine passes—the Ligurian Pass near the sea, Hannibal's Pass, Pompey's Pass, Hasdrubal's Pass, and the Graian Alp. This contradicts Livy, who undoubtedly carries Hasdrubal over the road which Hannibal had made—"per munita plerique transitu fratris, quæ antea invia fuerant." Putting Livy out of the question, it is worthless and remote hearsay. Mr. Ellis might have consulted Dr. Smith's *Biographical Dictionary* as to the value of the corrupt manuscripts of Servius, before relying on them for what he calls "the evidence of Pompey and Varro."

Space and patience fail us before the audacity with which Mr. Ellis manipulates the old itinerary, attributed to the time of Theodorus, known as Peutinger's chart. He begins by an erroneous statement of its contents, or at least a false inference as to its meaning, and then tears in pieces the error made by himself. He "unfastens" (to use his own word) its routes first at one end and then at the other, so as to make, as it were, the time-table of the Great Western Railway serve for the Caledonian; he corrects distances *ad libitum*, because "the Peutingerian distances frequently are erroneous," and then proves by altered stations and corrected distances which road the author of the itinerary is describing. It is not wonderful that he concludes that Peutinger's chart shows the existence of a Roman road over the Mont Cenis. The wonder is that he does not prove it to have been copied from a draught made by an engineer officer in Hannibal's army.

Any competent reader who can afford the time to go through Mr. Ellis's volume will appreciate it easily. But as the results of Mr. Ellis's interpretation of Polybius are widely circulated among Alpine tourists in the pages of the *Guide to the Western Alps*, edited by the President of the Alpine Club (and probably received as Alpine gospel accordingly), we take this opportunity to warn all whom it may concern that upon the topic of the Alps of Hannibal they had better adhere to the orthodox teaching of the good old handbook published by Murray.

THE BOOK OF THE SONNET.

AMONG the most precious of ancient things that we are in danger of losing is the fine old-fashioned taste for literature proper and pure. We do not love literature as the Queen Anne men loved it, nor as some of the Johnsonian set loved it, nor as it was loved by a little group of men scarcely more than a generation back. We are all turned publicists and thinkers and æsthetic philosophers. There do not seem to be left, nor to be springing up, any men of the antique stamp, with a delicate enjoyment of all sorts of books for their own sake, just as men enjoy good wine for its own sake. We dash at a book to eviscerate it as swiftly as we may, and, having got out of it what nutriment we can, rush off pell-mell somewhere else. Where is the man who takes up his book daintily and caressingly, as he would take up a glass of good liquor, ancient and of a rare vintage, turning over here a page and there a page, enjoying a dash of its colour, and prolonging his delighted sense of its fine aroma and bouquet? The old heroes who lingered and brooded over a book as a bee lingers in the bell of a flower in the sunshine have nearly all gone, and none others step into their places. This perhaps is only one of

the thousand signs that we are fast stripping ourselves of a capacity for pleasure, and that the rich gift of quaint and sober gaiety has passed away from us into space and emptiness. We may get compensation in some shape or other. Of course new books are all constructed on the principle of improving our minds, and make us ashamed of having anything to do with the genial old writers who were innocent of any desire either to improve their own minds or those of other people. Let us be careful only not to improve our very souls out of our bodies.

One is reminded of all this by an edition of the *Book of the Sonnet*, with Leigh Hunt's delicious preliminary essay. The genuine aroma of literature abounds in every page, and he writes about the sonnet as an eloquent epicure might talk about truffles, with a fine relish and sensibility as of the physical palate. The unctuous zeal with which he goes through the old Italian sonnet writers is quite glorious to behold, for it is a zeal full of refinement and delicacy and nice feeling. His mind shows itself imbued with a rich knowledge of his subject, and this, illumined by the evidence of a thorough and unaffected liking for it, makes him irresistible. And in the midst of graceful criticism he conveys all possible technical information as to the various ways, legitimate and illegitimate, in which the sonnet has been, and may be, constructed. The reader acquires not only an increased sensibility to the music and sentiment of some of the best sonnets that have ever been written, but he is pleasantly initiated into the mysteries of its composition; the difference between the legitimate Italian sonnet—like "Lawrence, of virtuous father, virtuous son," for instance—where the two quatrains have only two rhymes, and the two tercets three—and the illegitimate sonnet, such as Shakespeare's, where there is a third quatrain, and a final rhymed couplet. Flippant persons have sneered much and bitterly at the bare idea of the effusive utterance of the poetic heart being forcibly confined within the scanty and inflexible bounds of just fourteen lines, neither more nor less. Let them learn that a sonnet ought to be "a piece of music as well as of poetry; and as every lover of music is sensible of the division even of the smallest air into two parts, the second of which is the consequent or necessary demand of the first, and as these parts consist of phrases and cadences, which have similar sequences and cadences of their own, so the composition called a sonnet, being a long air or melody, becomes naturally divided into two different strains, each of which is subdivided in like manner; and as quatrains constitute the one strain, and tercettes the other, we are to suppose this kind of musical demand the reason why the limitation to fourteen lines became, not a rule without a reason, but an harmonious necessity." After all, there is nothing more absurd, in the nature of things, in having a form of verse which is perfect in fourteen lines, than in having a form of line which is perfect in a fixed number of syllables, as the heroic couplet, for example. The rhythm, rhyme, and melody are more complex in the first than the second, and demand a finer ear for the subtle changes, interweavings, recurrences. It is not everybody who has a good enough ear for an Italian sonnet, any more than everybody has a good enough ear for all the interdependent harmonies of a quartet or an ottet or a great orchestral symphony. But anybody who is fortunate enough to have an ear does not need to have the sonnet vindicated. He feels, at the close of a sonnet composed with skill and just sentiment, as he might feel at the end of a very perfect melody. The melody has come to its own natural termination. He does not wonder why it was not made longer nor shorter. And so with the sonnet. In the hands of a true composer, like Milton or Wordsworth or Keats or Shakespeare, we never dream of asking why it should stop at the fourteenth line, or how it came to reach the fourteenth line. Let anybody turn to Milton's noble sonnet on his Blindness, "When I consider how my light is spent." When the end comes—

His state
singly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait—

anybody who should be ignorant of what a sonnet is or means, and heard it read, would still, if he had any ear or sensibility, instantly know that this completes the piece. Milton's sonnets are perhaps unsurpassed in this exquisite sense which they give us of musical completeness, whatever faults they may have in other points. Still it is plain enough in Wordsworth's best sonnets also—"Death Conquering and Death Conquered," for instance, or the more familiar sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge. Of course one notices no perfection of melody or anything else in bad sonnets. They might as well be a thousand lines long as fourteen, and they had much better have been seven, or two, or none at all.

One of the sonnets in the present collection furnishes an excellent illustration of the too common type of sonnet, where there is true feeling, but where the poet has not been sufficiently inspired with a sense of the *form* or genuine sonnet rhythm. It is from the pen of Anna Seward, and, in spite of its imperfection, deserves a place in the book:—

I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light
(Winter's pale dawn): and as warm fires illumine
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white
With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom
That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume
Rising from their dark pile an added height,

* *The Book of the Sonnet*. Edited by Leigh Hunt and Samuel Adams Lee. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

By indistinctness given : then to deers
 The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
 To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
 Wisdom's rich page. O hours more worth than gold
 By whose best use we lengthen life, and free
 From drear decays of age, outlive the old.

Nothing can be more excellent than the picture in the quatrains, but one has an idea that the sextette is an artificial appendage, not truly and peculiarly antiphonal to the octave, but what might have been tagged on to nearly anything in the world. What has been called the minor of the sonnet should be, and in good compositions is, exactly responsive and complementary to the major. If the sonnet is composed by a man of genius, you could no more take off the last six lines, as in this case, and fancy them fitted on to anything else than you could imagine the last strains of "Dove song," fitted on to the first strains of the Old Hundredth. Take, for a single instance, the ending of a famous sonnet :—

Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower ;
 The great Ixanthian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground ; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

This, by the way, is one of the two of Milton's sonnets of which Johnson graciously thought himself justified in saying that they were not bad ; the rest were barely entitled to this slender commendation :—"Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones." But then Johnson had no patience with the art which he characterized thus disparagingly. He declared that the fabric of the sonnet was unfitted for the English tongue. And yet he must have read Shakespeare's, some of which are nothing less than divine in their beauty and music. For instance, of these in the present collection, the one which begins

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye ;

or that other, so inexhaustibly tender—

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell,
 Give notice to the world that I am fled.

Again, there is a sonnet of Spenser's of which Leigh Hunt indeed did not think very highly, and yet which strikes us as exquisite. It is not so well known that we need grudge the space required for its transcription :—

Mark—when she smiles with amiable cheare,
 And tell me whereto can ye lyken it,
 When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
 An hundred graces as in shade to sit.
 Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
 Unto the fayre sunshine in somer's day,
 That when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
 Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray ;
 At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
 And every beast that to his den was fled,
 Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 And to the light lift up their drooping head.
 So my storm-beaten hart likewise is cheared
 With that sunshine when cloudy looks are cleared.

"The rhyme," Leigh Hunt says, "seems at once less responsive and always interfering ; and the music has no longer its major and minor divisions." And this is just. The final couplet seems to impart a flavour of commonplace. Still the picture is amazingly perfect and sweet, and, as Leigh Hunt says, the single line—

Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray—

"has the strength of Spenser's full hand upon it."

There is a strange bit of criticism on Shelley. *Ozymandias* Leigh Hunt feels to be very good, having "the right comprehensiveness of treatment, and perfection of close." Then he almost finds fault with Shelley for not being able "to content himself in these sequestered corners of poetry. He was always, so to speak, for making world-wide circuits of humanity." Of course he was. This was the very note of Shelley. One might as well wonder at Beethoven for not contenting himself with ballads and lyric music. It was his "world-wide circuits" that made Shelley what he was, and to the same temper may be attributed his rare use of the sonnet, which Hunt finds so surprising.

We recommend anybody whose soul is weary of personal payment of rates, of Luxemburg, and of Trades' Unions, to turn for an hour, or even half an hour, to this most pleasant book. There are, indeed, far too many sonnets in the collection. But then one can choose. And one advantage of a sonnet is that you can absorb it in a short time and at a short notice. It requires no previous reading or previous thinking. It is short, and yet it is perfect in itself. Brood for half an hour, for example, over Milton's sonnet on his own blindness, and you return to the Franchise Question or anything else with a mind soothed and renewed.

NATIONAL MANUSCRIPTS.—PART I.*

THIS collection seems to be intended as a sort of continuation or supplement to those photozincographed facsimiles of Domesday of which few people probably possess the whole,

* Facsimiles of National Manuscripts from William the Conqueror to Queen Anne. Selected under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and Photozincographed by command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria by Colonel Sir Henry James, M.E. Part I. Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton : 1865.

though many doubtless have those which belong to their own shires. The idea is a good one, to make a selection of some of the most important documents in English history, and to reproduce them in exact facsimile, as illustrations of the language and handwriting of the successive periods. We are at a loss to guess why the series should have begun with William the Conqueror, when so many important National Manuscripts of much earlier date exist. But, granting this strange imperfection at the beginning, which is probably due to some meddling in higher quarters, Mr. Duffus Hardy, to whom the choice of the documents has been entrusted, has exercised that choice very wisely. The different epochs and the different languages, English, Latin, and French, are well illustrated, and many of the documents are of high interest in themselves. The present volume goes down as far as Henry the Seventh, and, granting that we were to have nothing bearing the signature of any native King, it throws off well with the Conqueror's English Charter to the City of London. But we venture to think that the Lords of the Treasury made a mistake in ordering the documents to be accompanied by modern English translations, or at least by modern English translations only. What is wanted in looking at a document of this kind is not a translation, but the Latin or French text printed at full length in modern characters. A great many historical inquirers are not professed palaeographers. They understand a document, Latin, French, or English, when it is put before them in an intelligible shape, but they cannot read the antiquated hand of the manuscript except at the expense of more trouble than it is worth. But give them the facsimile and the printed text side by side, and it becomes a useful and pleasing exercise to make out the facsimile. The translation, however, can be meant only for those who do not understand the documents, and who therefore are still less likely to be able to read them. It is not a very improving exercise to show a man a Latin or French manuscript which he cannot read, and by way of comfort to give him an English translation. Such a translation may put him in possession of the matter, but it is no guide to the actual reading of the text in its original form, which we suppose these facsimiles are meant to illustrate. Now of course the texts of most of these documents are intelligibly printed in Rymer or elsewhere ; still it would be a great gain to have them actually side by side. Of the French documents we should suggest, as we suggested long ago with regard to the French Life of Eadward the Confessor, that, if there must be a translation, it should be in modern French. Such a translation would supply a study of language which a translation into English does not. And for the Introductory Notes a rather stronger hand is needed than has been employed. On such an occasion we do not want long sentences and fine writing. Why should a facsimile of the Great Charter send off Mr. W. B. Sanders into the state of mind in which he must have been to write as follows ?

Magna Carta.—This famous Charter, and the history of its concession by King John on the 15th of June 1215 in the meadow called Runnymede between Windsor and Staines, an amphitheatre of turf enclosed between wooded hills and the river Thames, admirably suited for the display of such a grand pageant as that occasion must have afforded, are too well known to need much comment, but it may be in place to mention that at the time of the Charter being granted several copies of it were made, and supplied to each cathedral and the principal monasteries in England to preserve and perpetuate the memory of the event.

And, in the present state of philological knowledge, William's English Charter should not be said to be "in Saxon," nor the famous writ of 1258 be called "the earliest known specimen of English."

The collection starts, as we have said, with William's Charter to London, on which Mr. Sanders comments with a pleasing simplicity :—

This charter, so justly prized by the ancient corporation to which it belongs, is written in Saxon, and confirms the laws enjoyed by the citizens under the rule of Edward the Confessor ; both of which facts tend to prove that the Conqueror's policy towards his new subjects was conciliatory rather than tyrannical. It may possibly have been granted at the instance of the Bishop of London, who was the King's chaplain, and is said to have obtained many privileges for that city.

Many people saw and handled the original at the London meeting of the Archaeological Institute, and no doubt wished that the same terse and speaking brevity was consulted in modern documents, public and private. Four lines and a half closely written on a little scrap of parchment contain the Conqueror's promise to maintain all the ancient rights of London. Three rather longer lines on another scrap contain Deorman's confirmation of his lands in Essex, or, as Mr. Sanders chooses to call it, "East-Saxony." The London charter is addressed to the citizens (burgharu) French and English, and implies that the French were just as much interested in retaining the old laws as the English were. This is the key to a great deal of later history ; the Normans found that the old English laws were as good for them as for native Englishmen, and they therefore took the lead in every struggle for freedom. Both charters, following as they do the exact model of the writs of Eadward's reign, show how little William intended any formal innovations. But the necessity of the words "French and English" point to a practical state of things fully counterbalancing the outward retention of the ancient law.

It is rather a careless way which has been followed in the dating of these documents. For instance, the next that we come to is a Charter of William Rufus, headed by Mr. Sanders "A.D. 1087-1100." All the world knows that William Rufus reigned from

1087 to 1100, but the Charter is signed by Archbishop Lanfranc, who died in 1089; the date can therefore be given within two years, instead of within thirteen. This same vague way of reckoning is employed in several other cases.

The next, No. V., is a Charter of Henry the First, in which he calls himself "Rex Angliæ" instead of "Rex Anglorum"—an innovation which began to creep in soon after the Conquest, and the stages of whose growth should be carefully noticed. The Charter of William Rufus repeats the "Rex" and "Regnum Anglorum," so frequently and almost ostentatiously, that it looks as if it belonged to that short time at the beginning of his reign when he was earnestly bidding for native English support. In the following charters, one of Henry the First, the other of Stephen, the abbreviation "Rex Angl." is in the one case rendered "King of England," in the other "King of the English." We do not see the reason for this difference. The Empress Matilda is "Anglorum Domina," not Regina—"Domina," "Hæfdige," the true title of all her predecessors ever since the crime of Eadburh.

Pipe Rolls and such like may be contemplated from all points of view. One of Richard the First's time, for Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, is remarkable for the number of grand old English names still surviving. Ralph the baker owed 5s. 4d. as bail for Alvea and Toka (Ælfigu and Toki). But unhappily they had nothing. Then there come Alewi (Ælfwine) of Tynningham and Godwinus Bruuns, Ansgot's wife, Ailward (Æthelward) of Senlea, Richard son of Alvea (Ealdgifu) and Robert son of Aldiva (the same) Robert the son of Ailric (Æthelric), Ralph the son of Eadric, Eilbern (Æthelbeorn?), Henry and Hugh the sons of Eadward. It is worth noticing in how many cases the parents have English and the sons French names; still we trust that we have here lighted on the ancestors of Mr. Disraeli's freeholders.

In No. XIX. we have the English writ of Henry the Third, signed by his "ysworen redesmen," "Walter of Cantelow, Bishop on Wirechestre, Simon of Muntfort, Eorl on Leirchestre," and their fellows. But why does Mr. Sanders print "Eorl on Leirchestre," "Eorl on Glowchestre," and the like? It is plainly *on* in the original, as it is printed in Rymer. We have not come across an English document since the Conquest; we shall not come across another till the fifteenth century.

No. XXI. gives us the originals of the document by which the claimants of the Scottish Crown make over the temporary possession of the country to the English overlord, with the hanging seals of Florence of Holland, Robert Bruce, and the rest. On this appropriately follows a specimen of the engagements entered into on the conquest of Scotland in 1296. Richard Horsley of the county of Lanark swears allegiance to the King of England in the fullest terms. We know how he acted next year. No. XXV. is a writ of King Edward to Aymer de Valence, his commander in Scotland, ordering the "stripping" of the lands of the partners Sir Michael de Wymes and Sir Gilbert de la Haye. One phrase needs explanation. The "manors" of the offenders are to be burnt. This does not mean the desolation of a whole parish, which might inflict damage on many innocent persons. "Manors" mean "manor-houses." The destroying of an offender's house may seem a wasteful process, but it was a common act of symbolical vengeance in many parts of the world, especially in the Italian cities. Of course in a town houses were pulled down, not burned down, which might have been dangerous.

We get an odd story in No. XXXVIII. of the date of 1413. Certain Jurors of Honiton have to certify to the age of one William Fitz-John. They find their memories helped by the remembrance of what happened at his baptism. We quote Mr. Sanders's translation:—

The said jurors were, on the said last day of August, together elected at Honiton, on a certain "Love Day," to make peace between two of their neighbours, and on that day there came a certain Lady Katherine, widow of Sir John Cobham, knight, and then wife of John Wyke of Nynhyde, an aunt of the said William fitz John, proposing to ride to Shute, thinking that she should be Godmother to the said infant, and met there a certain Edward Dygher, servant to the said Sir William Boneville, who was reputed to be half-witted in consequence of his being loquacious and jocular, and who asked her whether she was going. Who answering quickly said: "Fool, to Shute to see my nephew made a Christian;" to which the said Edward replied, with a grin, in his mother tongue, "Kate, Kate, ther to by myn pate comystow to late;" meaning thereby that the baptism of the child was already over. Whereupon she mounted upon her horse in a passion, and rode home in deep anger, vowing that she would not see her sister, to wit, the said child's mother for the next six months, albeit she should be in extremis and die. And all these things the aforesaid jurors knew and saw.

From Richard the Second onwards we begin to get the personal autographs, and now and then what experts call the holographs, of Kings and great men. In earlier times, whether they could write or not, their signature to a Charter was a mere cross. But now they wrote their names with their own hands and begin to show characteristic differences in their handwriting. Richard the Third's hand is very large, bold, and hasty. No. XLIV. is a letter of protection from Edward the Fourth to certain Danish ambassadors, one of whom, "Knoutus" Bishop of Viborg, still bore the greatest name in Danish history. The King, Christian the First, is described, among his other titles, as "Scavorum Gothorumque Rex." The Slaves here, with some reason, take the place of the more familiar Vandals, both of course meaning simply the Wends.

A document of Henry the Seventh relates to the sale of a corrody in Saint Frideswide's Priory at Oxford, which Mr. Sanders oddly calls a corrody in Christ Church. And, to send away the reader in perfect good humour, Mr. Hardy has wisely included in

his choice the wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten instructions given to his spies—we can hardly call them ambassadors—who were to examine into and report on the personal qualifications of the "Young Queen of Naples." There they are, instructions and report, all at full length. We well enjoyed our laugh over them in Mr. Gairdner's book, but that was nothing compared to the charm of seeing them in facsimile. The second of the two parts which we have reviewed contains the documents selected from the reign of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, which we reserve for another notice.

UP AND DOWN LONDON STREETS.*

THIS is not a very brilliant, nor a very learned, nor to our taste a very amusing, book upon London antiquities. Upon the last point opinions may of course differ; so many people seem to be content with an intellectual fare of insipid materials reshaped that we cannot say very positively of any book that it will amuse nobody. No one will apply to it either of the other epithets; but then it may be said in extenuation that Mr. Mark Lemon puts forward no particular pretensions. He has adopted a plan of book-making which is very often practised, and the nature of which is obvious at a glance. He has collected from various sources a good many of those anecdotes which pass current in guide-books as interesting local information; he has strung them loosely together without confining himself too strictly to any particular plan, never fearing to drag in a story however trite, or irrelevant, or uninteresting; and then, finding that the result was rather dull, he has seasoned the whole with a fair collection of the puns and bits of slang which adorn professedly facetious literature. This last part of the design seems to us to be on the whole the least felicitous, and reminds us of those exquisitely dreary performances, the Comic Histories of England, Comic Grammars, and Comic Blackstones which once passed for wit. Thus, for example, he evidently supposes that he enlivens his antiquarian page by calling the modern English youth "young fellahs," an exquisite bit of humour which occurs some half a dozen times. He remarks that Guy Fawkes was the first person "who missed a Parliamentary train"; he says that Osborne, the hero of the well-known story, took "a 'header' into the Thames and rescued the mediæval 'Colleen Bawn';" he remarks playfully that "philologists do go it sometimes"; calls the ancient watchman "a most feeble old party"; and, in short, indulges more freely than is agreeable in that dismal phraseology which tries to be lively and succeeds in being at once dull and vulgar. There is another vexation of spirit, with which we suppose the intelligent reader must put up, in the repetition of some of those terribly stale anecdotes which the world would willingly let die. Of course it is hopeless to ask for a change, but yet we cannot help throwing out, as a hint to future authors, that the Mermaid Tavern is rapidly becoming a bore. Surely some one may mention it, if it must be mentioned, without making the novel reflection, "To what meetings must the Mermaid Tavern have been witness when, &c. &c. &c."; and if that is too important to be omitted, may we not be assumed to be familiar with the comparison of Ben Jonson to a Spanish galleon, and Shakspeare to an English man of war? We rather doubt whether many of Mr. Lemon's readers will be thrown into very genuine ecstasies by such a roll of names as "Greene, Peele, Decker, Webster, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ben Jonson and William Shakspeare"; for few of them will know more than the names of eight out of the nine; but the galleon and the man of war must be as familiar to the commonest student of penny-a-lining literature as the terrible New Zealander, who ought to be forbidden in decent society. Another passage which threatens to become a nuisance, though in a less degree, is quoted by Mr. Lemon *à propos* of Lord Byron, and we are told for the hundredth time how that noble author wore "very broad white trousers of Russia duck in the morning and of jean in the evening," together with some further information which it is unnecessary to quote. Our old friend Dr. Johnson is of course always making his appearance, and we have no desire to complain of him; but it would be just as well if Mr. Lemon could tell his stories about him accurately. It is perhaps pardonable to say that Dr. Johnson *always* accompanied ladies from his house to their carriages, and that his appearance in Fleet Street "*always* attracted a crowd," because there is one story to that effect; this at least tends to improve the anecdote; but it is a pity that the often repeated retort of Goldsmith's should be so mangled as when Johnson is represented as making to "Boswell," with a glance at the Jacobite heads on Temple Bar, "the neat application of the classical quotation, 'Perhaps our ashes will be mingled with theirs.'" The reader of limited acquisitions who is insensible to this blunder may perhaps be led to distrust Mr. Lemon's accuracy when he finds a mis-statement in a matter with which all cockneys are familiar. "Tom Sayers (5 ft. 8 in.)," says Mr. Lemon, "drubbed Heenan the Benicia Boy (6 ft. 1 in.), April 10th, 1860, Tom fighting with one arm broken"; whereas Tom did not "drub" Heenan, and his arm was not broken.

We are not, however, about to examine very closely into Mr. Lemon's accuracy, for it is an indisputable merit of the book that it is entirely unpretentious. Mr. Lemon never sets himself up as a profound inquirer. Any one who cares to read his book may know precisely what to expect if he will imagine that he has put

* *Up and Down London Streets.* By Mark Lemon. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

himself into the hands of one of those mysterious beings who haunt all show places with a lesson learnt by heart, who is pouring forth scraps of cut and dried information, and anecdotes from which the point is lost, and flavouring the whole with a good deal of cockney slang. To ourselves all such lectures, whether written in a book or detailed by an official cicerone, are intensely tedious. We have suffered too many things in palaces, picture-galleries, and cathedrals, from persons ready to discharge any quantity of information with a view to francs or shillings, to be capable of reading Mr. Lemon with pleasure, or perhaps even with impartiality. His book has probably given him a good deal of amusement during its composition, and he has rashly assumed that the information which was worth acquiring must be worth republishing. We cannot agree with him, but we are willing to bear as little malice as may be to an author who puts forward no particular claims; and we will therefore congratulate him sincerely on having learnt something about London, though we cannot conscientiously congratulate the public on an addition to our topographical literature which neither increases our knowledge nor diminishes the weariness of acquiring it.

The book, though badly done, suggests that some one better qualified might perhaps make something better of the subject. Considering the enormous number of walks that are taken through the streets of London in the course of the year, by tolerably intelligent people, we should be grateful to any one who would really increase their interest. The greater part of the daily peregrination which so many of us have to perform is necessarily stupid enough. There are miles of streets in which no human being can possibly detect any food for meditation, unless he can steadily reflect upon the stupidity and the want of taste which makes our modern streets monotonous and stupid; but such a reflection cannot be kept very long before the mind of any but a professional misanthrope. Yet it is obvious that there is a great amount of unsatisfied desire for some source of amusement. If a cab-horse breaks down, a crowd is collected in a few minutes, and stares vacantly as long as the horse remains; a broken window-pane in a jeweller's shop lately drew an attentive body of spectators every day, and nearly all day long, for more than a week, until it was mended; from which it would seem to follow that there are a great many persons who would be only too thankful to be told of something to stare at. Now it may not be very exciting to be told that this is the place where Charles's head was cut off, or that that is the house where Sir Isaac Newton lived when he was in London; and such excitement as may be produced by the first announcement of the fact will probably evaporate before very long. Still, if a man becomes conscious of the various bits of history which may be associated with the houses before which he daily passes, they tend to become rather more interesting to him than they were before; and there is a certain pleasure in trying to restore a picture of what a familiar place used to be in former times. Lord Macaulay's story about the gentleman who had shot snipe upon the fields which are now crossed by Regent Street is one of those picturesque touches which, whether authentic or not, enable us to realize a historical change more vividly; and it must have made Regent Street rather more interesting to a certain number of passengers for a few days. People, however, who make a collection of such associations ought to remember one or two things which they are very apt to forget. In the first place, it is very difficult to make a place historically interesting when there is nothing in its present aspect which enables us to recall the former state of things. If we examine a battle-field where the natural features of the ground have remained unaltered, we can understand the battle better than we did before, and the place itself gains in interest. Marathon or Waterloo will always be worth a visit, in spite of the cockney profanation of the last. But many places where remarkable things happened are exactly like places where they didn't happen. A good many people have been put in the pillory or executed at Charing Cross, but the sight of Charing Cross does not help us to recollect the execution more vividly; on the contrary, cabs and omnibuses have a distinct tendency to call us back to the present. Now a great many of the noteworthy places in London are remarkable for the precise reason that their present aspect is so very unlike the former aspect. The cicerone takes us to a street, and tells us that it is the very spot where something happened, only that everything about it is entirely changed; and we naturally feel that we would as soon have seen any other spot. Consequently, a man who has to write a popular book about the associations of London streets has a difficult duty to perform; he may pick out any fragments that remain of the ancient city, and tell us the stories with which they are connected, but he will have considerable trouble in putting together a sufficiently distinct picture of the past, and making it fit into the landmarks thus fixed. The ordinary plan of tumbling out all the incidents that can be thought of may be useful for a guide-book, where we can rely upon the traveller taking a good deal of trouble for himself; but it makes a confused and perplexing book to read through, especially as so many of the events seem to have so little connexion with the places. It may be an amusing collection of anecdotes, but the thread which joins them is really very slight, the mere fact that two things happened near the same place being generally no reason for talking of them together. Hence a man should either be content to confine himself to those antiquities which have a rational association with some past incidents, or he should endeavour to give us so vivid a picture of London at some former epoch as to interest us by the

force of contrast; but the random collection of all sorts of historical facts which have or have not any connexion with their localities is an almost unmanageable scheme for a popular work.

HESPERIDUM SUSURRI.*

IF all the murmurs wafted across the Irish Channel were as pleasant, harmonious, and creditable to their originators as those which are gathered up into this pretty volume, how much easier would be the task of doing "justice to Ireland." In it three young Celts modestly solicit a hearing for poetic exertions to which, we are sure, not the most fastidious junto of Saxon critics would assign a lower rank of merit than belongs to much which is enshrined in Anthologies, Corollæ, and Arundines on this side of the water. So diffident, indeed, is the tone of their appeal, that they are at pains to relieve their University of all share in the "dispraise or blame" which their work may provoke. And yet (to follow out a train of thought with which, insensibly yielding to the "blarney" that comes natural to them, these graduates of Dublin have enlivened their preface) so far are their productions from giving any token of haste or lack of finish, that we should have said they had been doing something more than merely eaves-dropping near the haunts of the Muses, and had rather been caught up into the Aonian mountains, there to divide the honours which Virgil tells us the sisterhood paid of old to Gallus individually. Indeed, if we take into account that their partnership is not like that of the editorial staff of the *Sabrinae Corollæ*, a firm of "Tres viri floribus legendis," but that they call solely from their own limited gardens, and are solely responsible in case of failure, it will be granted that their gallantry well deserves cordial recognition. Not but that, despite their modesty, we strongly surmise that these three writers represent, in the field they have entered, the flower of their University. Though we are far from judging of Dublin University by the chance undergraduates we have met in England during term-time, and as to whom our wonder has been how little academical residence and training sufficed for a degree, and constituted the shortest cut to holy orders; and though we are quite aware that the Fellows and Scholars of T. C. D. are picked men, whose scholarship and learning are fully guaranteed by the searching nature of their "honour" examinations; what we did doubt till now was precisely that which this book renders past a doubt—that classical composition bears such fruit with them as might compete with the rich stores matured on the banks of Cam and Severn and Isis. One ground for such doubt might have arisen from the consideration that it is not always that an imaginative, fertile-witted race, such as their ballad lore proves Irishmen to be, can submit to the trammels of rules and laws, and succeed so well in imitations and translations which involve a degree of discipline as in the spontaneous outpouring of original poetry. But the evidence before us upsets this theory, and further proves that their nursing-mother could scarcely have made choice of fitter champions, in point of discipline, skill, and knowledge of their weapons, than these three Horatii who leap forth unbidden to do battle for her. The rules of their craft are sedulously observed. Of false quantities, doubtful usages, or solecisms, there are none, or next to none, as far as our inspection serves us. And it speaks highly for the breadth and extent of their classical reading, that whether they reproduce the words of Shakspeare's Falstaff in the verse of Aristophanes and Plautus, whether they render pieces of Massinger and Fletcher in hexameters savouring of Horace and Juvenal, or turn Tennyson's *Æneid* into the Greek of Theocritus—in short, whether they apply their knowledge of tragic or comic, epic, elegiac, or lyric poets—they always "draw," so to speak, "from a full cask," and use their stores so deftly that the result is no ill-strung cento, but a graceful adaptation of apt words and phrases from one language to the uses and requirements of another.

This is saying much, but not more than may be proved out of each page, as well by single lines sparkling with some happy parallelism of new with old, as by the collective excellence of whole passages. Wide reading, well digested and ready for use at need, has supplied these moderns with admirable material for matching, out of old treasures, the gems of later literature. And this reading has been exact as well as wide, as may be seen in the recognition of nice shades of meaning in words chosen as equivalents of some difficult modern term or phrase. In turning "Sweet Auburn," in p. 46, into Latin elegiacs, when Mr. Brady renders the line

And half a tillage scants thy smiling plain,
Arvaque defraudat dimidiata seges,

he tacitly recognises the difference, pointed out by Aulus Gellius between "dimidius" and "dimidiatus"—the first meaning strictly something halved, the second something halved without being cut in two or diminished. "Dimidiatum digitum," for instance, is half of the entire finger; Dimidiata luna, the half-moon, all of which is in existence, though but half of it is visible. So here "dimidiata" implies that, though all the plain has been sown in a manner, it is but half of the whole that ripens and flourishes. In the forty-fifth page Mr. Tyrrell had no very easy task to reproduce Falstaff's brag about his "pocket-pistol," which turns

* *Hesperidum Susurri*. Sublegerant T. J. Bellingham Brady, A.M.; R. Yelverton Tyrrell, A.B.; Maxwell Cornac Cullinan, A.B.; Coll. Trin. juxta Dublin Alumni. London: Rivingtons. 1867.

out to be a bottle of sack, in appropriate Greek. To match the line

Ay, Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city!

he draws with sound instinct from Theognis, whose use of *θωρηχίτις*, in a passage on which we remarked some time back in reviewing the *Golden Treasury of Ancient Greek Poetry*, furnishes an apt and satisfactory equivalent:—

μάλιστα, νῆ τὸν Πάνα, καὶ πᾶν χλιαρόν,
σὺν τῷδε δ' ὡς ἀριστά τις ἐρωήσεται.

And, once more, when Mr. Cullinan, translating

Hee that loves a rosie cheek,
Or a corall lip admires (p. 40-1),

turns his second line thus—

Si cui euralis æmula labra placent,

he shows, by constructing "æmula" with a dative instead of a genitive, his familiarity with the usage of Martial, a poet not in the ordinary curriculum.

In truth, these "Susurri" breathe everywhere the grace of what is most to be cherished in the poetry of the dead languages; and while generally good in all points, they are in none more so than in the skill with which the Latin or Greek poet whose style most resembles that of the modern author to be translated is, as occasion requires, laid under discriminating tribute. This is quite a different thing from servile copyism. We could cite many passages showing genius and happy boldness. Here is a couplet out of Cowper's description of *Ætna*, ere yet its lava-streams had been poured forth:—

No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves that girded her around.—P. 59.

Mr. Tyrrell is entitled to the meed of grace and boldness for translating it thus:—

Non jam tremefecerat imo
Inferus de ventre fragor frondentia montis
Cingula.

And his last lines,

Quicquid amabile, quicquid
Annus opum Siculæ largitur prodigus oræ,

represent with much felicity the English,

And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Nor less good are some touches thrown by Mr. Cullinan into his iambic translation of Tennyson's *Ulysses* (p. 60):—

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows.

ἀνάγερ', εὖ τε σιδήματα
θάσσοντες ὠλυνν ῥοδιάδ' ἐκνευκαίνετε.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down.

τάχ' ἂν καταλυζοίμεθ' ἀγκάλαις ἁλός.

Mr. Tyrrell's anapaests representing Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" are from beginning to end a successful blending of ancient idiom with boldness of expression. And how well Mr. Brady in Latin *alcaics* has kept up the spirit and feeling of Keble's "Thoughts in Verse" for the Monday in Easter Week, the comparison of one stanza in English with its Latin counterpart will bear ample witness:—

Perchance that little brook shall flow
The bulwark of some mighty realm,
Bear navies to and fro,
With monarchs at their helm.—P. 66.

Fors in remotis prævalidi fluit
Munimen oris rivulus imperi,
Portabit huc illuc triremes,
Rege manu moderante clavum.

Some more *alcaics* by the same gentleman, at p. 37, do equal justice to a favourite passage out of "Lalla Rookh." And here it may not be out of place to note the excellent taste shown in selecting headings for these poetic exercises. The "rubric" at the top of the page containing the *alcaics* just referred to, which represent Moore's

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone, &c.

is simply "Ex imbrī soles." That of "Auburn" is "Squalentē abductis arva colonis." "The Bridge of Sighs" reappears as "Irremeabilis unda," and Milton's "Eve" as "Unico gaudens mulier marito." The "Coquette" (p. 100) is "Scopulis sordior Icarī," and the Beggar-maid's romance is told in the Greek heading from Theocritus,

ὡς ἴδεν, ὡς ἰμάνη, ὡς ἐς βαθὺν ἦλ' ἔρωτα.

This, though a slight matter, indicates a laudable determination on the part of our literary triumvirate to pay due regard to the accessories as well as to the essentials of their volume. Mr. Tyrrell's translation into Homeric verse of the last-named gleaming from Tennyson is too long to quote in its entirety, but a sample may be given in the rendering of the third stanza, the only liberty which we take with the Greek being the omission of the digamma where it occurs:—

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her angles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair, and lovesome mien.—P. 22.

ἦντε δ' εἶσαν ἐν οὐρανῷ ἡρώοντι
εἶα Σιληναίη, ἐπὶ δ' ἀχλὺν κίοναται ἀργή
ὡς ἰμάνη, τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ περὶ χροὶ εἴματα ἔσσο'
οἱ δ' αὖτ' εἰσρόωντες ἰθάμβιστον, ἀλλοθεν ἄλλος,
οἱ μὲν φάσα κάλ', οἱ δ' αὖ σφυρὰ καλὰ ἰδόντες,
δέργματά θ' ἡμερόεντα, κόμας θ' ὑακίνθου ὁμοίας.

It is perhaps a necessity of the metre that this translation should seem a trifle diffuse. Cophetua's "Love at First Sight" falls better into Latin elegiacs, as the following true and close version of the stanza quoted above from the *Gentleman's Magazine* (January, 1867) will testify:—

Qualis saepe poli per nubila Luna renidet,
Illa, licet vili tegmine, talis erat.
Hic teretes suras, alter collaudat ocellos,
Et vultum et veneres ille, nigramque comam.

But even Latin elegiacs are diffuse when they issue from a less practised master of the art of translation than the author of the above, Dr. Henry Holden; though we fancy that he, and such as he, would feel a generous pleasure in allowing the many successes of the little volume before us.

Among the chief of these, for most of them must go unnoticed, we rank a not over-easy bit of dialogue from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which Mr. Tyrrell renders in verses imitative of Plautus. The quips of Falstaff, Nym, and Pistol find in them as fair and classical equivalents as translation in the most practised hands could supply. When Pistol corrects Nym's blunt way of "calling a spade a spade," and says,

Convey, the wise call it; steal, foh! a fico for the phrase!

the distinction is excellently preserved in

Apagē sis, non hoc emissim verbum sicū putidā!
Conciliare se homines graphici, non subripere dictitant.

And Falstaff's setting to rights of Pistol, purposely misunderstanding his meaning, comes out capitally in the following, which we give in the original and in translation:—

F. My honest lads I will tell you what I am about.

P. Two yards and more.

F. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste. I am about thrift; briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife.

M. Nostin' igitur quæ mihi circumscription—

P. Non tribus Pol cubitis minor. M. Hui! fieri compendi volo

Captiones; medio haud quæro quæ mihi circumscripsi dicit;

At vobis in medium quæro, mihi quæ; ne longum morer,

Mulierem mi Chariclis huius in animo est circumscribere.—P. 75.

The same translator contributes to the volume the best of its three epigrams, founded upon Dr. Johnson's retort to the learned lady who submitted her work to his criticism, and added that, if he disapproved that, she had other "irons in the fire." He bade her put the book where her other irons were:—

Legisti modo quem misi tibi, Tarpæ, libellum?

Non nullas veneres hic, nisi fallor, habet.

Cui salum ridens: "Veneris tu, docta, marito

Has veneres, Tarpæ iudice, rite dabis."

Mr. Cullinan, in p. 25, gives an excellent version of Dryden's "Orinda" in Horace's *asclepiad* metre with a glyconic at the end of each stanza; but we have seen a better rendering in elegiacs of Aytoun's lines "To a Forsaken Mistress," in p. 7.

Here and there we might suggest an emendation. In p. 61, v. 3, unless *πρός* is used adverbially we should prefer *θροός* after it. In p. 89, 7, the sense would be more clearly apparent were there a comma at "favillis," and the same observation applies to p. 101, v. 7, where we would suggest a comma at "frustra." It is bold in minor minstrels to put an accusative after "veniat," in the last line of p. 93, as Mr. Brady does, no doubt with Virgilian authority. And the second couplet in p. 103 strikes us as a little over-crowded and tautological. But these are scarcely noticeable points of objection. Editors of "Nugæ Latine," practised in versifying themselves and correcting the verses of others, overlook infinitely greater ones. And even should any graver flaw have escaped us, certain we are that the general excellence of this tasteful volume is abundantly sufficient to excuse it. How far these three scholars are accepted as "prophets in their own country," we know not; but we are sure that those who amongst ourselves stand foremost in kindred pursuits will cordially proffer the right-hand of fellowship to these candidates for the ivy-wreath from the "Isle of the West."

OFF THE LINE.*

THE burden of fancy signatures has of late pressed so heavily on the readers of novels that we confess to feeling a certain initial kindness towards a book which bears on its title-page the real name of the writer. There is no objection to novelists remaining anonymous—indeed it often implies a well-grounded diffidence in their own powers which would have been still more praiseworthy if it had restrained them altogether from publication; but why need they present themselves under the disguise of some imaginary author? It is mostly women, we believe, who affect this literary masquerade, and one is at a loss to see what advantage they propose to themselves by adopting it. If they take a woman's

* Off the Line. By Lady Charles Thynne. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1867.

name, they are scarcely better off than if they kept their own; if they take a man's name, the assumption is sure to be detected as soon as the hero makes his appearance. The favourable impression made by Lady Charles Thynne's avowal of her identity is not lessened by making acquaintance with her book. The stereotyped enthusiasm of too many newspaper critics has made it difficult to give an accurate impression of such a novel as *Off the Line*. When, in the course of a single summer, the same journal will perhaps crown fifteen novels, one after another, as the "greatest hit of the season," and construct a notice by taking two or three dozen complimentary adjectives and putting them all into the superlative degree, any reasonable amount of praise reads by comparison as simply so much depreciation. Those, however, who have tried, and failed, to get through one of the fictions thus glowingly characterized will not perhaps think the worse of *Off the Line* because we tell them at once that it does not admit of this kind of criticism. It is not a novel of thrilling interest, it does not bear on every page the impress of a master's hand, it does not startle one by its profound insight into the mysteries of the human heart—in short, it has none of those features which, if we were to believe all that we are told by the critics, have become almost universal in English fiction. But if it is wanting in these respects it has merits of its own which, though less exalted, are nevertheless by no means of every-day occurrence. The story is pleasant and natural; the conversations read as though they might really have been spoken; and we recommend any one who thinks this praise commonplace to try talking like the heroes of some popular novels of the day, and see how he likes the sound of it. There is interest enough in the incidents to keep the reader's attention alive; and the moral, what there is of it, is thoroughly healthy, without involving any attempt at preaching on the part of the writer. Such qualities as these ought to secure a welcome for *Off the Line* from many who do not care for that morbid excitement to create which seems the chief object of so many contemporary novels, and they certainly lead us to look with interest for a second venture from the same pen. It is a good omen in a new writer when a book grows better as it goes on, and Lady Charles Thynne's powers show such decided traces of improvement from practice that we catch ourselves feeling an unwonted regret that the second volume should be also the last.

This sense that the story would have profited by being worked out in greater detail is especially excited by the relations between the heroine and the man she marries. Hugh Dormer is the object of Sybil Morley's first love, but not of her first fancy. She has grown up almost alone, since her mother is a weak invalid, and her brother Eustace a reserved and unsympathetic bookworm; and the result of her being thus left to herself has been the formation of an anomalous intimacy between her and a neighbouring fisherman named Hervey Feltham. The character of Hervey, capable as he is of a certain passionate affection, but wholly unable to sacrifice his own happiness to Sybil's, comes out with considerable distinctness. He has some pretensions to a position above his actual occupation, and his devotion has naturally great fascination for Sybil, who has grown tired of being left to herself. Accident introduces her to his mother, and as there is no one to put any restraint on her movements she soon becomes a frequent visitor at Mrs. Feltham's cottage. The latter is designing for herself and ambitious for her son, and readily consents to help him to get Sybil for his wife. Sybil is not really in love with Hervey, but she is flattered by his admiration, irritated at being unappreciated, and determined to resent any attempt on the part of her brother to assert the least authority over her. Such circumstances acting on such a character could have but one result. Hervey proposes to her, is not accepted, but at the same time is not refused; for Sybil, though she has no real wish to have him for a husband, has still no wish to lose him as a lover. Their intercourse is continued for a short time on this undefined footing, and then a sudden discovery brings down the dreaded interference of her brother Eustace. The "business" of the story is chiefly taken up with the events that follow upon this accident. Sybil, upon being forbidden to see Hervey again, determines to take refuge with her uncle in London. Her design is eagerly promoted by Mrs. Feltham, to whom she turns for help, because she has seen in a newspaper that Mr. Morley is staying in some country-house in the North, and she therefore knows that, once in London, Sybil will virtually be left at the mercy of whoever happens to be with her. Mrs. Feltham undertakes to escort Sybil to town, starts with her in the train, and cunningly contrives to substitute Hervey for herself by means of a feigned illness by which she is attacked on the journey. Sybil reaches London, drives to her uncle's house, and finds it shut up, and left in the care of a deaf old woman who knows nothing of Mr. Morley's movements. In this dilemma Sybil is easily persuaded to go down to an aunt of Hervey's, who keeps an inn at Richmond. How things go on after this we will not say, but Sybil is ultimately rescued by her family after an experience which has entirely removed all wish to be Hervey Feltham's wife. The manner in which this change is brought about is only sketched, but it is sketched with truth and delicacy. A nearer acquaintance with her hero very soon disenchants Sybil. The charms of a Byronic temperament are sadly weakened by the discovery that it is closely connected with an extremely bad temper, and, contemporaneously with keen resentment at the growing want of respect in Hervey's manner, there springs up in a few hours an

equally strong sense that it is not safe to irritate him now that she has rashly placed herself in his power:—

It is precisely those who are the most impatient of control, and the most inclined to rebel when treated with kindness and consideration, that are in reality the least self-reliant, and that can in their turn be most easily cowed by any cruelty or harshness. No matter how harsh or cruel their own conduct may have been—they inflicted the wrong, they did not suffer it. The atmosphere in which they have lived is probably one of tenderness, and they have no moral strength to support them against severity or injustice when it falls to their share. Cruel people are always selfish, and therefore keenly alive to the smallest wrong done to themselves, and an ungenerous nature tramples where it can.

Sybil's nature was not ungenerous, but she was inconsiderate and selfish; no one had ever spoken a sharp word to her in her life, till Eustace had taken her to task about Hervey Feltham; so that anything like harshness made her feel utterly depressed, and as if she had been transported into another region. She could brave circumstances, but not unkindness, and had become really afraid of Hervey's fierce and headstrong temper.

On the whole it strikes us that Sybil gets off rather too easily. We do not mean that she deserves harder measure, so much as that in real life she would probably have come in for harder measure. As it is, Hugh Dormer is never troubled by any misgivings. His knowledge of the facts never suggests a doubt that Sybil is exactly the woman he wishes to marry, and he is satisfied, almost in spite of Sybil's admissions, that she never has been in love with Hervey. His mother's conversion, again, seems to be rather too sudden, and rather too complete. Her dislike of Sybil in the first instance has to some extent a foundation in reason, and therefore it is natural enough that, when the reason is removed, the feeling based on it should disappear also. But we are not so sure that her instinctive jealousy of a daughter-in-law would have disappeared with equal speed. The latter feeling itself is slightly but cleverly drawn by Lady Charles Thynne. A dangerous illness of Hugh's compels Mrs. Dormer to send for Sybil, but as soon as the crisis has passed she coolly tells the physician—"The whole affair has been very unfortunate. I hoped the fancy might have died out; but now that they have been brought together in this way there is less chance of it." Hugh submits to her much more than he would have done in a novel written by a man, and she succeeds in carrying him off for change of air without Sybil. But

The exultation with which Mrs. Dormer had felt that at last Hugh was to be her own undivided property, was considerably damped by the languor and depression which seemed to hang about him. She remarked this one day to her daughters, wondering if a more bracing air would be beneficial.

"I don't think it's the air, mamma," replied Julia, colouring deeply; "but that Hugh is not happy. I don't believe he will ever get well while he is so anxious."

"And what especial reason has he for being anxious now, pray?"

"Oh! mamma, you must know." Both Julia and Florence had become very fond of Sybil, and felt indignant at what they considered their mother's unkind behaviour towards her.

Nothing would have surprised Mrs. Dormer more than such an imputation—nothing was further from her intention; but jealousy of possessing the undivided attention of those she loved, was her predominant failing, and, in spite of her passionate love for her children, there was considerable risk of her sacrificing their happiness through it.

"Why should your brother be anxious or unhappy?" she asked again.

"I have no idea."

"I suppose he misses Sybil, for one thing."

"I should think he might bear that, considering that he has all those around him that he has ever loved. A short separation from Miss Morley need scarcely make him either ill or miserable."

After this it is rather startling to find her—only two pages further on—not merely resigned, but "eager to atone for her coldness to Sybil." We fancy that a dislike founded partly on jealousy and partly on temper would have yielded more slowly than this. It is often the passions which are least able to give an intelligible account of themselves that are most deeply rooted. Fortunately, however, for her heroine, Lady Charles Thynne reads human nature differently, and we do not grudge Sybil Morley the happiness which awaits her at the end of the volume. One piece of poetical justice we own, however, we should have liked to see dealt out. From first to last Eustace Morley is priggish and disagreeable to the last degree. Evidently Lady Charles Thynne never intends him to be anything else, but at the same time she allows him to escape with no worse punishment than that of having to make a sort of half apology to his sister on the morning of her marriage, when Sybil, with the humility natural to good-natured people who have got their own way, asks his forgiveness "for all her pride and rebellion," and Eustace is almost forced to say that he has quite as much cause to ask hers. We hope indeed that he suffered a good deal in making this speech, but even then the penalty is too light a one for his deserts.

If Lady Charles Thynne writes another novel we recommend her to introduce rather more characters, so as to provide scope for her power of giving conversations naturally, and to bear in mind that silly people, tiresome as they are in actual life, are often very amusing company in fiction. In *Off the Line*, for instance, there is a certain Sophia Jane Power, who appears but too seldom. The commonplace young lady who "dotes upon military men," and goes to the cathedral service every afternoon "because one is sure to meet the officers there," is by no means a new personage in fiction; but to draw her in such a way as to make her amusing without either exaggeration or vulgarity requires a delicacy of observation which is not given to everybody, and which we should like to see turned to more account.

A FRONTIER CAMPAIGN.*

ABOUT three years ago Englishmen were startled to hear that a British force, sent to chastise some predatory fanatics on the North-western frontier of India, had suffered a check sufficiently serious to recall unpleasant memories of the Cabul catastrophe of 1841-42. Events, indeed, did not justify these forebodings of ill; but it is pretty generally acknowledged that we escaped from a serious difficulty solely by having recourse to military operations on an energetic and extraordinary scale. It is the history of these events which Colonel Adye gives us in the book now before us. To the general reader we think the narrative will be found as interesting as it is pregnant with instruction for the politician and the soldier. The author (well known as a gallant officer and accomplished writer of Crimean experiences) was himself an actor, during their later stages, in the operations described; and has been enabled, by the assistance afforded him from various official sources, to furnish the public with a very complete history of our last expedition against the Wahabee fanatics of Mount Mahabun.

The petty objects of the raid undertaken in the autumn of 1865 against the Hindustanee colony of Sitana form a sufficiently striking contrast with the grave consequences which at one time threatened to follow from it. A band of frontier robbers, numbering perhaps scarcely a thousand men, had to be punished for the constant depredations they committed in our territories. Expeditions for similar purposes are the normal employment of the troops which guard our North-western frontier; and so recently as in 1858 these very Sitana outlaws had been with ease chastised by a small force under Sir Sydney Cotton. The good results, however, effected by this expedition were not lasting. The Hindustanee fanatics had been permitted, contrary to agreement, by the Hazara border tribes to re-occupy their old haunts; and the British Government once more determined "to have recourse to military operations, with a view to the expulsion of the Hindustanee fanatics, the punishment of the committed tribes, the exaction of sufficient guarantees for the future maintenance of peace and good order on our frontiers, and a timely prevention of the spread of disturbance over a larger area, by the deterring effect which active and adequate operations may produce at the present juncture." For these purposes a force of about 5,000 men, of whom one-fourth were European soldiers, and eleven guns, was considered sufficient. The command was entrusted to Sir Neville Chamberlain, of whom Colonel Adye says "that he has taken a distinguished part in almost every campaign [during the last quarter of a century], that he has been repeatedly wounded, and that his name is a terror to the enemies of England throughout the border."

It was perhaps pardonable for the authorities to suppose that so comparatively numerous a force, under so distinguished a leader, was fully equal to the task to be executed. One voice, however, was raised in warning to the Government. The Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir Hugh Rose, pointed out that the time for equipping so large an expedition was insufficient; that by its despatch our frontier would be denuded of troops "at the very moment when, by entering the mountains at one point, we should create excitement along the whole line"; and that the period available for active operations was too short to ensure the intended results of the expedition. He therefore counselled delay until the spring of the succeeding year, by which time satisfactory arrangements could be made for a well-arranged campaign. Though his advice was disregarded, "it is remarkable," says Colonel Adye, "that no sooner had our troops entered the mountains than each one of his representations was successively vindicated and confirmed, day after day, by the telegrams and letters received from the general officer in command."

The positions held by the Hindustanee fanatics on Mount Mahabun were assailable either from the Hazara district on the south, or from the Eusofzye on the west. In the former case, our troops would have to surmount the steep pine-clad sides of the mountain, defended probably by swarms of resolute mountaineers—a military operation which may be described as being both difficult and dangerous to put in execution. In the event of its being successful, it was still open to the objection that the enemy had a safe and easy line of retreat to the north. In the latter case, a force approaching from the Eusofzye would cut the line of the enemy's retreat, and occupy an advantageous position in the Chumla valley for acting against the strongholds of the fanatics. To the north of the Chumla valley, however, is situated the Bonair territory. It was just possible that this tribe, though not usually hostile, might resent the advance of our forces by this route, should no notice be given them of the real objects of the expedition. On the other hand, any intimation to the Bonair tribe of our intended attack on Mulkah, the chief place of the Sitana fanatics, would most probably have reached the enemy against which we proposed to act, and so have in a great measure made the expedition useless. In addition to this, the Umbeyla Pass, by which access is gained to the Chumla valley from Eusofzye, would certainly have been defended against our approach. The Lahore Government therefore determined to depend on the neutrality of the Bonair tribe, and on the 20th of October,

1863, Sir Neville Chamberlain's force reached by forced marches the head of the Umbeyla Pass, where it gradually merges into the Chumla valley. The difficulties presented by the pass to the march of troops were found to be greater than was supposed, and, with the exception of the ammunition mules, no baggage reached the camp for two days.

On the afternoon of the 19th of October, when it would be too late for the Bonair and Chumla tribes to make any serious opposition to the advance of our troops up the Umbeyla Pass, a proclamation had been forwarded, stating what the objects of the expedition really were. But these mountain tribes not unnaturally distrusted our stealthy approach to the limits of their territory. A suspicion of our good faith had already been induced, as was afterwards discovered, by a letter from the Sitana fanatics, insinuating that our quarrel with the Hindustanees was used as a mere stalking-horse for operations against the Bonair and Chumla tribes. They accordingly began to assemble in great numbers to oppose our further advance. On the afternoon of the 22nd, a reconnoitering party, pushed by Sir Neville Chamberlain into the valley beyond the head of the pass, had a slight skirmish when returning to camp; and the succeeding night was passed by the tribes in a general and desultory attack on our position. The whole aspect of the campaign was now altered. In place of punishing a few hundred outlaws, the operations of the force threatened to develop into a war with the border mountaineers. The event justified this apprehension, for in a few days the Akhoond (i.e. priest ruler) of Swat, with between 2,000 and 3,000 men, joined the combination against us; and General Chamberlain reported that the Bajouries, the Mulla-zyes of Dher, "and other distant tribes, whose names even are hardly known, except to officers who have served long on the frontiers," were summoned to oppose our advance. Thus the whole of the border was ablaze with fanatical fire, and the warnings of Sir Hugh Rose were entirely justified.

Meanwhile Sir Neville Chamberlain addressed himself to the arduous task which it was evident would devolve upon the expeditionary force. All *impedimenta* were sent to the rear, and the English position at the head of the pass was rendered as strong as possible by stone breastworks. The "Eagle's nest" picket on the left, and the "Craig" picket on the right, flank, being vital to the defence of the position, were held in as strong force as possible; and severe were the struggles which took place at these points between our men and their brave enemies. The former post was eventually abandoned by the General, in view to a closer concentration of his force; while the "Craig" fell no less than three times, at different periods of the campaign, to the furious attacks of the enemy. From the 24th of October to the 20th of November a series of desperate combats took place, day after day, on the rocky steeps of the position; in which our loss amounted in killed to 14 British officers, 4 native officers, and 213 men, and in wounded to 15 British officers, 17 native officers, and 468 men. After the latter date, the tribes, not unlike ourselves, were growing rather weary of the conflict, and awaited reinforcements to cover their severe losses. All along the Cabul frontier the natives were in a state of agitation, while even in our own territories sympathy was not denied to the hostile mountaineers. Under these circumstances, it was feared that a general war along the entire frontier, with the whole of Afghanistan, was imminent.

The Lieutenant-Governor at Lahore, anticipating some disaster, authorised the withdrawal of the force if such a course was considered advisable. Sir Neville Chamberlain, though lying severely wounded, was scarcely the leader to avail himself of this permission, and his decision was strenuously supported by Sir Hugh Rose; who, leaving Lord Elgin's deathbed, hurried in all haste to Lahore to take measures for the energetic prosecution of the campaign. By his orders 25,000 men were in the course of a fortnight marching northwards towards the Peshawur valley. On the 20th of November Lord Elgin died. On the 26th the Government at Calcutta, yielding to the representations of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, gave directions for withdrawing the frontier force as soon as such a proceeding was feasible. Luckily, this step, which would have been so fatal to our prestige and military honour, was averted by the arrival of Sir William Denison to assume the Viceroyalty at Calcutta. In a Minute (with a copy of which Colonel Adye has been favoured), that hard-headed and sensible Governor summarizes the events of the war, describes the existent position of affairs, deprecates the forebodings of disaster, and urges the vigorous prosecution of the campaign to a speedy and successful termination. The idea of withdrawing the force was abandoned before Sir W. Denison's trenchant arguments, and the events of the next fortnight more than justified the wisdom of his counsels. By the vigorous measures of the Commander-in-Chief, reinforcements, which made the numbers of the expeditionary force up to eight thousand men, soon reached the camp, and General Garvoek (who succeeded Sir Neville Chamberlain, now disabled by his wounds) had the satisfaction, on December 15th, of striking a blow which sent the enemy "staggering back into the Chumla valley," and, following them up, again defeated them at the foot of the Bonair hills. The border war was then over. The hostile combination of the tribes at once collapsed, and a flying column proceeded to the work of destroying the strongholds of the fanatics at Mulkah, an operation which was effected without further opposition.

* *Sitana: a Mountain Campaign on the Borders of Afghanistan in 1863.* By Colonel John Adye, C.B., R.A. London: Richard Bentley. 1867.

Colonel Adye makes some very sensible remarks on the anomaly of the Punjab frontier force being excluded from the direct control of Her Majesty's Commander-in-Chief in India. Our space will not allow us to enlarge upon this topic, all-important though it be in reference to our future policy on the North-western frontier, and the recent advances of Russia towards Cabul. With anarchy reigning supreme in Afghanistan, and important events evolving themselves in Central Asia, the date perhaps is not far distant when such a system of divided command may entail serious inconveniences.

At a time when the military capabilities of the warrior races of India are attracting general attention, the remarks of Colonel Adye on the gallantry of the native portion of the expeditionary force will be read with great interest. Fighting as these men were against their own kith and kin, it would be a high tribute to their military virtue if we simply stated that no case of desertion, no instance of backwardness in engaging the enemy, occurred among them. But their merits were not confined to such mere negations; in every action they distinguished themselves by conspicuous loyalty and devoted gallantry. Such a testimony to their bravery is peculiarly valuable when coming from an officer having such experience of European warfare as Colonel Adye has had, and from one who nobody would accuse of Anglo-Indian proclivities. The Wahabee trials at Patna, which took place some time after the close of the campaign, showed that a regular organized system of correspondence was carried on between the fanatics of Mulkah and the Hindustanees in our own territory; the commissariat butcher of the expeditionary force being the chief agent and go-between! Under these circumstances, it is astonishing that the honour of our frontier native troops should have emerged untarnished through so severe an ordeal. With such men, no wonder that the officers of that force aver that "they can go anywhere, and do anything."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. AMÉDÉE THIERRY has added another item to the interesting collection of sketches upon which he is now engaged, and which have secured for him so high a position amongst modern French historians.* St. Jerome is the hero whom he has selected, and around that central figure he groups several subordinate characters, giving us thus a complete view of the Christian Church as it was during the last days of the Roman Empire. The work before us derives much of its interest from the fact that Jerome is almost always left to speak for himself. Those of our readers who are acquainted with ecclesiastical history know from what a variety of points of view he can be studied. We have in him the controversial writer, distinguished by his impassioned eloquence; the divine whose decisions were generally accepted by the Church as law; the Biblical critic; and, finally, the ardent propagator of asceticism and monachism in the Western world. Many previous writers have treated of St. Jerome under one or other of these aspects; but no one, so far as we know, has yet attempted to give in a book of some length a detailed account of his many-sided character. This M. Amédée Thierry now does in the most successful manner, and every impartial student will read his work with a feeling of relief after the sneering pages of Gibbon. The second volume of *La Société Chrétienne à Rome* contains, moreover, a short history of the reign of the Empress Placidia, forming as it were a supplement to the biography of Jerome. Here we see the Romans and the barbarians brought into contact, and are enabled to trace the twofold currents which finally produced the civilization of modern Europe.

The dissolution of Latin society was only a question of time; and it was when the Germanic tribes had overrun the West that monachism operated for good, and that the followers of Jerome proved themselves the guardians of civilization. Count de Montalembert has devoted all his energies to a description of the labours accomplished by these illustrious men †, and three different portions of his *Moines d'Occident* have already been for some time before the public. We must now notice briefly volumes four and five. We are still treading here upon English ground, and the author gives an entire chapter to the Venerable Bede, whom he regards as the representative man—or rather, the representative monk—of the seventh century. Count de Montalembert describes minutely the various merits of his writings—his love of truth, his simplicity, and the relatively wide scope of his erudition. He sees in him a kind of living cyclopædia, and shows that the pursuits of the study never prevented him from watching closely over the discipline of those who were entrusted to his charge. Among the episodes which fill the volumes before us the principal are, besides the Life of Bede, the History of Northumbria, and the ecclesiastical administration of Wilfrid, Archbishop of York. Cædmon has his appropriate mention in the description given of the monastery of Whitby, and our author enters into some details respecting his merits as a poet. Count de Montalembert's conclusion is that England was brought to Christianity solely and exclusively by the influence of the monks. Their work was a very arduous one, and many a check occurred

which might have discouraged less devoted men. The defection of the Jutes in Kent, for instance, after the death of Ethelbert; the twofold apostasy of the East Saxons; the antipathy, or rather the hatred, of the old Celtic Christians against the neophytes belonging to the German family—these are among the many facts which show the obstacles that the perseverance of the monks had to overcome. The author does not forget to explain the broad difference existing between the monks of the East, or even the followers of Saint Benedict, and the band of Christians who took England as the sphere of their efforts. These did not shut themselves out from the world, nor did they profess to devote themselves chiefly to pious contemplation. They were essentially civilizers; their monasteries became the true cathedral churches of thriving towns, and around them schools, libraries, workshops—in short, all the elements of social life—gradually developed their manifold resources for the happiness of a large community.

Let us turn from Church history to the wonders of nature, and to M. Badin's interesting volume on grottoes and caverns.* The transition is by no means so abrupt as one might suppose at first sight. What were the caves of Ellora, the grottoes of the various Sibyls, the den of Trophonius, what were the catacombs, but places intimately associated with the history of religious worship in different parts of the world and under different manifestations? These, of course, occupy a large space in M. Badin's book, of which they form the first part. We have next a very clear account of the natural and scientific phenomena which may be observed in the most celebrated caverns throughout the globe—stalactites, fossils, ice deposits, chemical formations, &c. As usual with the volumes belonging to the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles*, the woodcuts are plentifully supplied, and are remarkable for their neatness and accuracy.

M. Jules Simon continues his generous labours on behalf of those whose life is spent amidst the noise and bustle of machinery. His new volume † opens, singularly enough, with a chapter on the French army and the famous Imperial scheme of military reorganization. M. Jules Simon objects to the measure in the strongest terms, and shows that, independently of its vexatious character, it is quite inconsistent with the positive declarations of the Emperor. If the era of peace has really begun, and if the preponderance of French ideas is so firmly established throughout Europe, what is the purpose of increased armaments? The development of the warlike spirit may, our author observes, be favourable to discipline; but there is such a thing as an excess of drilling, and, besides, the most fatal blow is dealt at home ties and family affections by the transformation of the country into a huge permanent camp. Our author is undoubtedly right when he remarks that the undue impetus given in France to military tastes is one of the greatest causes of a decrease in the population; and it is not difficult to see to what fatal results France must inevitably come if the chief aim of the Government is to make of it a nation of soldiers. The decay of agriculture is another consideration which must not be lost sight of in connexion with this subject; and finally, there is the ever-growing disposition on the part of the young to seek their fortunes in large towns as workmen, if they belong to the poorer classes. M. Jules Simon devotes the greater part of his new work to the demonstration of the two following propositions:—1. Children under twelve years of age who are employed in manufactures should never be permitted to work more than half the time expected from an adult. 2. The law which limits the labour of children ought to be made more general, and that which regulates the conditions of apprenticeship should be rendered more efficient.

M. Louis Reybaud, like M. Jules Simon ‡, has given considerable attention to the subject of manufactures, and the volume he now publishes is the third of a series containing the results of inquiries which he was commissioned to make on behalf of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. It treats of the woollen manufacture—one of the most important elements in the commercial prosperity of France. In studying the condition of the workmen—their resources, their mode of life, and their social habits—M. Louis Reybaud has dealt specially with those who carry on their occupation at a distance from the metropolis; for the Parisian *ouvrier* occupies an exceptional position, and in no way represents the French working-class generally. M. Reybaud's book is extremely interesting, and the details which it gives will probably be new to the majority of English readers.

M. Henri de Cossoles is a champion, not only of Christianity, but of Roman Catholicism.§ When he defends revelation against the attacks of M. Renan and the philosophic school, he is excellent; but he is far less successful when he tries to refute Protestantism, and his arguments from the supposed decay of religion in Protestant countries are singularly at variance with the facts. M. de Cossoles shows with much force that philosophy and faith ought not to be considered as sworn enemies. It is the boast of some modern metaphysicians that in course of time they will get rid of Christianity altogether, because the two orders of ideas respectively identified with rationalism and revealed religion cannot

* *Grottes et Cavernes*. Par Ad. Badin. (Bibliothèque des Merveilles.) Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *L'Ouvrier de Huit Ans*. Par J. Simon. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *La Laine, Études sur le Régime des Manufactures*. Par M. L. Reybaud. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Du Doute*. Par M. Henri de Cossoles. Paris: Didier.

* *St. Jérôme, la Société Chrétienne à Rome*. Par M. Amédée Thierry. Paris: Didier.

† *Les Moines d'Occident*. Par M. le Comte de Montalembert. Vols. 4, 5. Paris: Lecoffre.

co-exist. But surely this is assuming a great deal too much when we have such examples as those of Descartes, Leibnitz, Newton, and Malebranche before our eyes.

M. Fontanès is one of the most distinguished and most popular ministers of the French Protestant Church.* Belonging to the rationalist section of that community, he naturally wishes to see the religious opinions now prevalent in France assume a new direction; he longs for a revival—to be carried out, indeed, from the scientific point of view—which would dispel the thick atmosphere of indifference which weighs down upon the nation. M. Fontanès does not, however, speak in a very hopeful manner, and he enumerates the serious obstacles which stand in the way of a religious awakening amongst his fellow-countrymen. In the first place, they are accustomed to receive cut and dry solutions of all problems that interest them; in the next, their vanity leads them to imagine that beyond the boundaries of France no one can write intelligibly and reasonably on subjects of theology. If, says M. Fontanès, we want to know the direction which religious thought should take, we must study German literature; and he has chosen Lessing as the best representative of the theories into which, in his opinion, the Christianity of the future must shape itself. The biography of the German philosopher is very fully told in one of the *brochures* forming part of M. Germer-Baillière's metaphysical library, and the several questions examined by Lessing in his career as a critic enable M. Fontanès to discuss in succession the views of Christianity respectively entertained by Voltaire, Count de Maistre, the Lutherans, the Jesuits, &c.

Another useful contribution to the *Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine* is M. Camille Selden's sketch of Mendelssohn's life and works.† This little volume is entitled *La Musique en Allemagne* because our author deems that the composer to whom we are indebted for so many masterpieces is the real exponent of music in Germany at the present time. With details of a biographical character M. Selden has mixed up more general considerations, and his chapter on the part which music plays on the other side of the Rhine as a civilizing element in social and domestic life is remarkably interesting.

Another volume is now before us‡ proving how varied and extensive was the range of studies to which the late M. Davasiés de Pontès had devoted himself. Distinguished as a writer and as a politician, he was equally gifted as an artist; and the plans he had formed for future activity included a history of Eastern architecture and one of the Venetian school of painting. He was not allowed, however, to carry out his ideas in this respect, and a few notes on Giorgione, Tintoretto, Titian, and Paolo Veronese are the only vestiges remaining of a project which might have added considerable lustre to the name of M. Davasiés de Pontès. The book we are noticing comprises, in addition, an essay on lady artists, and one on German Universities. These two *monographs* were originally composed in English for the *Westminster Review*, and the translation here given appeared in M. Amedée Pichot's *Revue Britannique*.

Dr. F. Hoefer has collected together, and published under the title *Les Saisons*§, various natural-history sketches which came out in the *Cosmos*, the *Magasin Pittoresque*, and other popular scientific journals. The work, therefore, is of a strictly elementary character. Each of the four divisions forms, in its turn, two sections, which take the observer successively to the realms of astronomy and to those of natural history properly so called—the latter supplying observations for four different days. One of the merits of Dr. Hoefer's volume is the great beauty of its style; another is the frequent reference made to poetry, both ancient and modern. Under his guidance we are constantly reminded that science and literature need not be regarded as representing conflicting interests; the scholar and the philosopher, the man of taste and the practical student, find here their respective claims equally satisfied.

The present season brings to us, as usual, the various *résumés* which Messrs. Hachette publish of the intellectual movement of France during the preceding twelve months. M. Vapereau discourses of literature, M. Figuier of science, and M. Vivien Saint-Martin of geography. Of these three topics the treatment of the first still appears to us, as it did last year, the least satisfactory.¶ There is quantity, no doubt, but what is to be said of the quality of the long list of productions enumerated by our critic? The several items of astronomy, natural philosophy, meteorology, chemistry, nautical science, statistics, natural history, hygiene, and agriculture—not to mention the transactions of learned societies, and a very complete meteorological list—supply M. Figuier with ample materials for his useful volume.¶ The needle-gun and the cholera, the Atlantic cable and the *trichina spiralis*, stand out as the most salient subjects in this periodical *compte-rendu*, to which we now

always look forward with pleasure. Of the duodecimo for which M. Vivien Saint-Martin is responsible, we need scarcely say that in point of accuracy, interest, and multifarious information, it is worthy of the reputation of the learned author.*

The reorganization of the French army continues to absorb the attention of the public, especially in connexion with the recent rumours of war about the Luxemburg dispute. M. Chassin places before us at this juncture a small volume†, embodying his views on the improvement of the military resources of the country. Both the friends of the Emperor and his adversaries agree so far, he observes, as to say that reforms are necessary; but the question remains, whether the best plan of reform is to make of France one huge camp, and to alarm the whole of Europe by keeping under arms more than a million of men? M. Chassin, making himself the mouthpiece of the Liberal party, answers this question decidedly in the negative. He then examines, first, what the French army was under the Bourbon monarchy; secondly, what the Revolution made it; and he deduces from his survey the following axioms:—1. A permanent army must be retained, but only as a necessary evil; it should never be employed except for the defence of the country, nor should it be organized into a Praetorian corps independent of the civil authorities. 2. Wars of conquest are strictly repudiated. 3. The army should be recruited by means of voluntary enlistment only, in time of peace; and even when war breaks out this principle is still to be observed, and obligatory conscription to be resorted to only if the appeal of the Government to the patriotism of the citizens is ineffectual.

The life and political career of Antonio Perez, the celebrated Spanish statesman, were many years ago described by M. Mignet in one of his most interesting works. M. Guardia now gives us the French translation of the treatise, entitled *El Conocimiento de las Naciones*‡, which Antonio Perez composed during his imprisonment, and dedicated to King Philip III. This document deserves to be known both on account of the author's great reputation, and also because it gives a very curious view of the state of European affairs towards the end of the sixteenth century. M. Guardia introduces his version with a complete bibliographical disquisition on the authenticity of the treatise itself, and he subjoins the text of the *Conocimiento* for the benefit of readers who prefer consulting the original. By way of supplement, we have an important consultation of the theologian, Melchior Cano, dated 1536, and bearing upon the relations between the Papal See and the Spanish Church. This ecclesiastical document is accompanied by a commentary in which M. Guardia shows how Cano, Dominican though he was, understood the necessity of resisting the pretensions of the Pope, and of maintaining the dignity of Spain in the face of unjust recriminations.

In addition to his larger *recueil* of Madame Roland's letters, M. Dauban has published an elegant duodecimo, containing the most interesting part of that correspondence, for the use of those who have no time to read the whole collection.

The fourth volume of the *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy*|| must also be mentioned here; it takes us down to the epoch of the Directory, and is full of amusing anecdotes respecting that epoch.

Two more instalments of George Sand's dramatic works are in print.¶ The prefaces which introduce these plays are always remarkable, and deserve quite as much to be read as the plays themselves. The translation, or rather adaptation, of Shakespeare's *As you Like it* will probably seem an unjustifiable kind of profanation. But English critics should remember that the French stage is still, although comparatively free, subjected to conventionalities which form part and parcel of the national character, and the only question is whether it is better that our neighbours should altogether ignore the beauties of Shakespeare or should have but an imperfect idea of them.

* *L'Année Géographique*. Par Vivien de Saint-Martin. 5^e Année. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *L'Armée et la Révolution*. Par Ch. L. Chassin. Paris: Le Chevalier.

‡ *L'Art de Gouverner, par Antonio Perez*. Traduit en Français par J. M. Guardia. Paris: Plon.

§ *Lettres Choies de Madame Roland*. Annotées par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.

|| *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy*. Vol. 4. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Théâtre Complet de George Sand*. Vols. 3, 4. Paris: Lévy.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

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Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes may be had at the Office, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

* *Le Christianisme moderne, Étude sur Lessing*. Par E. Fontanès. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *La Musique en Allemagne*. Par Camille Selden. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Études sur la Peinture Vénitienne, &c.* Par L. Davasiés de Pontès. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Les Saisons, Études de la Nature*. Par L. Hoefer. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *L'Année Littéraire et Dramatique*. Par G. Vapereau. 5^e Année. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle*. Par L. Figuier. 11^e Année. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.